THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE OLD MILL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

Go you to Brainerton road, and wind
  Where it will lead you down the hill,
And suddenly it ends you find
  Before an ancient, country mill.
For sixty years its walls have been
  In rain and sunshine growing gray,
And all its roof with moss is green
  As any meadow is in May.
Wide open hangs the dusty door,
  And swings and trembles in the sound
Of noisy wheels that have for more
  Than fifty years the harvest ground,—
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
As steady as the seasons rolled.

O, often I with playmate band,
  In summer days let loose from school,
Have turned aside to come and stand
  And hear the great wheels splashing cool!
And the old miller kind who knew
  Well what our childish lips would ask,
Sometimes would come and lead us through
  The place when he could leave his task.
A gentle, good old man was he;
  But once we missed his snowy head,
And when we asked where he might be,
  With tears we heard that he was dead.
But round and round, and round and round
The wheels still whirled with busy sound.

And often now around the mill
  In pleasant hours I love to stray,
For Nature chiefly rules there still,
  And has her sweet, unfettered way.
The brook calls gayly from its bed,
  The birds join in with joyous tune,
And the close cedars o'er my head,
  A twilight soft make of the noon.
But as my brow in day time dreams,
  Against the grassy sod I press,
A voice falls on my ear and seems
  To chide me for my idleness,
As round and round, and round and round
The wheels are whirled with busy sound.

I linger where the water steals
  Along the alders dark and slow,
To tread with silver feet the wheels,
  Then join its sister floods below.
I watch it through the hazels wild
  Glide in and out like some gay elf,
And like at play a single child,
  I hear it talking to itself.
O'er the brown arches of the bridge
  I hear the happy swallows call;
The robins hopping by the hedge,
  And the old mill above them all,
As round and round, and round and round
Its wheels are whirled with busy sound.

And when the frosts have touched the hill,
  Until with fire it seems to blaze,
Again I seek the lonely mill,
  Dim standing in the purple haze.
Like wounded birds the autumn leaves
  The smoky air are falling through,
And in my breast my spirit grieves
  To think that friends are falling too.
For of the merry group that played
  Where yonder wheels revolving sweep,
Five have I seen in darkness laid,
  To take their last, eternal sleep.

And so it is in life, I say;
  Friends one by one around us drop,
And they are gone and we are gray,
  And yet Time's wheels can never stop.
In vain a moment's pause we crave;
  Still ever, ever turn they must,
Till rolling swift across the grave,
  They grind our breathless forms to dust.
The world grows old, the frost of years
Is gathering white upon its head;
Its children toil in pain and tears,
  Or slumber sweetly with the dead,
While round and round, and round and round
Time's wheels still turn with ceaseless sound.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE AND DISCOVERY.

It was a lovely day in October, and the air of that Southern clime was soft and balmy, and just calculated to throw one into a kind of dreamy languor, well suited to gentle meditations. There had been events enough in the last few hours to keep my mind busy with recollection; but two things stood out more prominently than all the rest—the unmistakable love of Cora Brandon, and her father's cordial assent that I should win and take her to my heart, to call her mine forever. This thought was enough to sweep away the darker scenes, and make me happy in my solitary musings; and I rode on slowly, overleaping the past, forgetting the present, and rolling up golden hopes for the future.

The road I was travelling had been passed over by me some two or three times in company with my friend, and as it was a clear and open one, winding down along a little stream, crossing it by a rustic bridge, and running through a level country, with here and there a narrow belt of wood, the idea of getting upon a wrong course never once occurred to me till long after it had happened. Where it happened, I never could exactly tell; but as there were several paths crossing the one I intended to pursue, I suppose I somewhere turned off on one of these.

At all events, after riding for some three hours, as I found on looking at my watch, and seeing nothing around me that I recognized, it for the first time occurred to me that I had made a mistake, more especially as I found myself approaching a great swamp, not unlike the one in which I had met with the adventures recorded in the opening pages of my narrative.

"Surely," thought I, reining up my horse, "I have missed my way!"

I looked around for a habitation, but not one was in sight, not even a cotton-field, and already the declining sun was casting long shadows to the eastward. That my quickest way out of the difficulty would be to retrace my steps in the light of day, was so clearly evident that I lost no time in conjecture and speculation, but at once turned my horse's head in a contrary direction. As I did so, I glanced away to the right, and fancied I caught sight of a human figure, moving cautiously among some trees and bushes, at a distance of some two hundred yards. Being well armed, I felt no fear at the idea of encountering a single person, even though an enemy, and I at once rode down toward the object I had discovered. As I neared the bushes, I saw them move, as if some one was parting them to look through, and I hailed at once. To this there was no response; but, as I drew nearer, I saw a negro strike off toward the swamp. At this I put spurs to my horse and dashed after him, at the same time shouting:

"Stop, boy, or I shall fire and shoot you down!"

As the only heed he gave to this was to increase his speed, I instantly drew one of my pistols and discharged it toward him, intending merely to frighten, not to wound, him.

It had the desired effect—for, as if fearing he could not escape both horse and bullet, he suddenly faced round and stood still, and I could see he was quaking with terror as I rode up. He was roughly and shabbily dressed, with an old slouched hat pulled well down over his eyes, so as nearly to conceal his face, which, from the little I could see of it, appeared thin and sunken, as if he were, or had been recently, suffering from some wasting disease. In his hand he held a long bow and some arrows, which looked formidable enough to render him a dangerous antagonist.

"Don't be alarmed, boy!" I said, in a kindly tone; "I don't wish to hurt you, or even capture you, provided you are not intending anything wrong."

"I's jest out hunting a little bit, Marser," he replied, slightly touching the flapping rim of his slouched hat.

"Who do you belong to?"

"I's a free nigger, Marser—I is!" he answered; and then, to my surprise, he turned up the flapping rim of his shabby hat and stared hard at me, as if he fancied he had seen me before.

"Do you know me?" I asked, thinking he might possibly recognize me as the stranger who had been riding a good deal about the country with Ernest and others.

He stared hard at me for some time longer; and then, to my astonishment, dropped down on his knees, clasped his hands, and ejaculated:

"God bress you, Marser! God bress you!"

"Why do you speak thus to me? what does it mean? what did I ever do for you?" said I, beginning to fancy I had seen his face before—though when and where, and under what circumstances, I could not tell.

"Marser one time sabe ole nigger Cato's life!" said the grateful black.

"Cato?" cried I, at once remembering the name. "Are you really the poor fellow I found sick in an old hut in the swamp?"

"God bress you, Marser! I's dat same ole nigger what yous brung de gourd ob water for when I's choking to death!"

Here was a meeting and discovery indeed that might be of the greatest importance.

"Then you are connected with a band of ruffians, that nearly murdered me, after all I did for you!" said I, rather sternly.

"Marser, I's not 'sponsible for all dem bad mens does!" returned the black, in a deprecating tone.

"Then you admit it all, eh?"

"Hush, Marser! don't speak so loud!" he rejoined, glancing uneasily and suspiciously around.

"What!" said I, "are any of those villains about here?"

"Ise doesn't know dat, Marser," he answered; "but dey's round ob'en, when folks aint looking for 'em, dey is."

"And why are you connected with them? Are you a villain too, as bad as the rest?"

"What's old Cato agwine to do?" he said. I's dar slave; and ef I don't does what dey says, dis nigger gits his t'roat cut!"

"But you just now said you were free and not a slave!"

"I lies den, Marser, case I's skeered a heap."

"Well, Cato," pursued I, "I think you must come with me!"

"Oh, no, Marser, I's feared to do dat!"

"I will not hurt you," said I, "and I want you for two reasons: I want you to show me the way to the nearest plantation, and then I want you to answer some important questions concerning the villains with whom you have been connected."

"Oh, dem dis old nigger 'll be killed for sartin!"

"No, you shall have ample protection! If you will tell the truth, and all the truth, I will put you where you will have a good home, and no one shall harm you."

"Whar's dat, Marser?"

"What say you to Colonel Brandon? Did you ever hear of him?"

"Lor' golly!" he exclaimed, holding up his hands in horror; "he's der Cap'en ob dem Regulators, and him'd jes' skear der life out o' ole nigger in no time, and den bile um up arterwards!"

"Who told you so?"

"All der gommens."

"The rascals you serve, you mean?"

"Spects dem is."

"Well, Cato, he will do nothing of the kind. He is my friend, and you know what a friend I was to you when all the rest had left you to die."

"Yes, God bress you, Marser! yous war good friend to dis yar ole nigger jes' when I's spects I's done gone fur dis yar worl'!"

"Well, come with me then, and I will take care of you, and see that nobody shall hurt or abuse you! You do not seem to love bad men—you seem to have a good heart—and you certainly cannot want to stay with those wicked fellows?"

I spoke in a kind, persuasive tone, hoping to carry my point in this way; but I had already resolved to take the black with me by *force*, sooner than let him go free.

That there was still a regularly organized band of scoundrels in the vicinity, I believed; and if I could be the means of ferreting these fellows out and bringing them to justice, I felt I should be doing a service to my friends and the community in general.

Some curious thoughts now passed through my brain, and unconsciously I fell into a reverie. Why had Captain Sebastian been so eager to put myself and travelling companions to death, on the slightest suspicion, before the return of Colonel Brandon, the commander of the Regulators? and then been so anxious, immediately after, that the real villains should not be followed? Why, after apologizing to me, admitting me to be a gentleman, and claiming me for a friend, had he been so ready, on the night of the murder, to disprove my word in favor of so villainous-looking a man as the Spaniard? and why had he turned so pale at my retort, when I raised the suspicion that he himself had some connection with the bandits? Then the strong resemblance between Diego Gomez and a well-known outlaw that had been left in his charge for punishment, with only his word that the latter had been executed! Then his challenge to me, and his subsequent apology after the Spaniard had been secured, and his admission that he believed my oath, and of course that his friend was a sharper, a cheat, to say nothing worse! Then too his ignorance, or pretended ignorance, of who were Don Diego's companions and what had become of them! All these things now began to excite a strange, unpleasant suspicion in my mind, that he might possibly be one, perhaps a leader, among these outlaws; and if such were the case, I saw how well his own respectable position might work for their interest. What better spy and friend could they have than an officer of the Regulators? who would be sure to know every thing planned against them, and would have power in various ways to thwart the honest ends of justice. This suspicion, I confess, was a startling one, and I at once put it to every test I could think of. First, was Sebastian a man morally degraded enough for the purpose? I could see nothing elevating in his character, and all the dark, concealed, sinister points began to stand out boldly, before a close, careful, mental inspection. Had he a motive? The desire for power, revenge, wealth, or any other selfish consideration, would be motive enough for a man without generous feelings or moral standard. He had been a revolutionist in Mexico, and had come and settled in a section of country where bad principles, concealed under an honest mask, could further bad designs. And then the kidnapping of Alice Brandon—could there be a motive for that with him or his? I could not but recollect that Flora in some respects resembled him—that there was something, as I have elsewhere mentioned, dark and hidden in her nature—and the motive might be hers, and she be in her father's secret. She was passionately in love with Ernest La Grange—that I could see, though my friend could not—and of course she hated Alice as a more fortunate rival. Suppose Alice could be got out of the way for a time—or, if necessary, for *all time*—might not the lonely, solitary lover find another on whom to fix his affections? and more especially should he often be brought in contact with a young and beautiful girl, full of sympathy for him in his bereavement? Like things had happened before, and would again, and on this she *might* have built her hopes, and the whole matter have been planned and executed by her father and herself! All this now gathered and whirled through my brain with a force of conviction that almost startled me; and I stood staring, in an abstracted mood, at Cato, hearing not his reply to my question.

Suddenly I put a question to the black:

"Cato," I said, "I want you to answer me truly! Since you admit you have heard of Colonel Brandon, I want you to tell me if you have also heard of Captain Sebastian?"

"Spects I nebber did, Marser," he answered, after a little reflection.

"That is strange too! since he is one of the Regulators, and has almost as much power as the one you fear."

"Reckon dis yar chile doesn't know him."

"Who is the leader, the captain, of the men you serve?"

"Ef I tells you dat, Ise gits my head blowed off!" he replied, looking quickly and timidly around him.

"No, Cato, I will protect you—you can trust me!"

It was sometime before I could get from him a direct answer, and not until I had used some threats. At last I reluctantly drew from him that it was Captain Guido. I started, with a thrill of suspicion, for that was one of the names of Sebastian! Could it be, after all, that I had the right clue to the mystery?

"What kind of a looking man is he?" I demanded.

The negro described him in his own peculiar way, and I felt more than ever convinced that I was right. At all events this was a matter worthy of the most serious investigation, and I was resolved to see Colonel Brandon as soon as possible and lay all the facts before him. Some other questions now occurred to me, and I continued to interrogate the black.

"Do you know a negro named Sam, that used to be ferryman at the bayou?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Marser, I knowed him well; but he's one ob dem yar runaways now!"

"No, Cato, he was carried off by some gentlemen, and is now in good hands, and much better treated than he was before, as you shall also be if you come with me. But how did you cross that bayou? who is the ferryman there now?"

"Spects dar's a white gemman dar now; but Ise jes' rowed myself ober in a small boat."

"And why did you come here?"

"To hunt, Marser."

"No, Cato—no lying now—you never came this far from home merely to hunt! Now you know I was a good friend to you, and gave you water when no one would come near you, and so saved your life, and in return you ought to tell me the whole truth. I can be a good friend to you still, or I can do you a great deal of harm."

The black looked troubled and uneasy. He glanced quickly and anxiously around on every side, as if he thought it possible there might be a listener, and then said, in a low, hurried tone:

"Yes, Marser, you's good frien' to dis yar chile, and Ise doesn't want to see no harm whatsomever come agins you; and darfore Ise jes' takes it 'pon myself to say as dat dar am odder places whar you mought be more safer den yere!"

"I think I understand you!" said I, looking sharply around myself; "you fear some of the villains may be near us now?"

"Day's ob'en close round when nobody aint specting 'em."

"Then we had better leave here as soon as possible!"

"Well, dar, Ise hope God bress you—but I can't go wid you now."

"Why?"

"Case you see, ef I's missed whar I's wanted, dar'll be a nigger's t'roat cut 'fore der worl's much older."

"But if you come with me, I will protect you."

"Can't do it, Marser, nohow. Ise like to 'blige good gemman like you, but you mustn't ax me to do dat yar now."

I proceeded to load the pistol I had discharged, and the black stood and watched me. When done, I said, in a very determined tone:

"Cato, I saved your life, and you owe me a service. I have lost my way, and I want you to guide me to Colonel Brandon's, or the nearest plantation."

"Den you let Ise go, Marser?"

"I will not promise positively."

"Den Ise doesn't stir a step!"

"What! not with this at your head?" said I, pointing the loaded pistol at him.

"D-d-d-dar," he stammered out, holding up his hands before his face, "d-d-date nuff o' dat yar, case it mought go off!"

"It does such things sometimes, Cato, and sends a very swift ball—a ball that would go right through you."

"S-s-spects it does, Marser."

"Now get up in front here, and guide me to the nearest plantation, or it will go right through you before you know it!" I said, in a tone that made him believe me in fearful earnest.

"Lor' golly," he groaned, looking all around and evidently speaking to himself, "'pears as if dis yar old nigger wasn't nebber out of danger. Feber one side, pistol todder, and t'roat cut all round, or else hunged up to fat buzzards on!"

There was an old log not far off, and I rode over to that, and he got up in front of me.

"Now you see where the sun is," said I, not caring to question him on time and distance, "and I want to know if you can guide me to a planter's dwelling before dark."

"Dat yar lays wid der hoss, Marser."

"Well, the beast seems tired, and with this load he will not be able to go much faster than a walk."

The direction now pointed out by the black, led into a wood, and next into a swamp. I asked my guide if he was sure he was right, and he declared it was the nearest way to the plantation of Colonel Brandon.

"Be sure and do not deceive me," I said, "for both my pistols are loaded; and if I find you playing me false, it will be a sorry work for you!"

Cato positively asserted, in his rude way, that he was acting in good faith, and that if any harm came to us the fault would not be his.

We rode on slowly, picking our way through the bushes as best we could till the sun went down and it began to grow dark. At last we came to an open field, and far in the distance I saw the sparkle of a light.

"Dat yar's der house," he said.

"Colonel Brandon's?"

"Yes, Marser."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, Marser."

"Well, it will not take us long to reach it now."

"But Ise spects Ise quit yere, Marser."

"Oh, no, Cato—you must come with me and get your supper; it is too late for you to hunt any more to-day, and you are tired and hungry."

He made various excuses to get away, and at last declared that there was a certain person he must see before morning. I felt quite suspicious that he was connected with some plot of the freebooters, and was fully resolved to take him with me.

"If you will come with me," I said, "and tell all you know, I promise you shall have kind treatment, be protected against all harm, and afterwards shall have your liberty and be no longer a slave to the villains you have served."

"But dey'll kill me, Marser!" he replied, in a hesitating way.

"No, they will never have you again in their power. If you will come with me to Colonel Brandon's, who is my friend and the commander of the Regulators, and tell him all, he will defeat the villains, and either hang them or drive them from the country, and then you will have nothing more to fear. If you go back to them, you will soon be caught and hung with the rest."

"I's feared dey ketch me 'fore Ise git dar."

"What! are they then about here now?"

Before he could reply, we heard a peculiar whistle, sounding off to the right.

"Dar, Marser!" he whispered, grasping my arm.

"Cato, what does this mean?" I said, in the same cautious way, feeling not a little alarmed. "There is some terrible plot afoot; and you know of some mischief that is to be done soon—perhaps to-night! Oh, for God's sake, if you do know of any, tell me at once and save your best friend."

"I reckon dar's some of dem bad fellers about yere," he still whispered, "and we'd best git off purty still!"

I started the horse through the open field, and we rode on quietly, making as little noise as possible. Presently we heard the whistle again, from the same quarter as at first; and then another from a different direction, as if in answer to it. I now became very anxious—not so much on my own account as that of my friends. I remembered that Alice Brandon had once been seized near home and borne away, and perhaps the same gang of villains were gathering here on this night for some further wicked design against her or her family—or it might be to liberate the Spaniard, who was possibly one of their band, and who, as it was generally known, was still held a prisoner at the dwelling. To reach the Colonel's house and make known my suspicions as soon as possible, and be there to help defend the inmates in case of attack, now seemed a matter of pressing necessity; and yet I was obliged to move slowly and with caution, for fear of being discovered by some of the prowling banditti. The distance from where I left the bushy covering to the dwelling of Colonel Brandon was nearly a mile; but I passed over it slowly, without any disturbance, and without hearing anything more of the dark spirits I supposed to be gathering there for a wicked purpose—the negro still accompanying me and no longer asking to be released. I gave my horse to a servant and entered the dwelling, taking Cato with me. I found the Colonel at home, and at supper with his family and some three or four gentlemen. I was glad to perceive this, for in every man of course I counted one able defender. They all looked surprised at seeing me and the shabby negro following close at my heels, but the greeting was very cordial.

"This is certainly quite an unexpected pleasure, Dr. Walbridge," said Colonel Brandon, "and I only hope you are in a condition to join us at our evening meal."

"If a long, wearisome ride, ever since I left you, Colonel, without a morsel to eat meantime, can put a man in a proper condition for doing justice to a good supper, I happen to be that individual."

"You don't mean to say you have been riding ever since, Doctor? Why, I thought you started for La Grange's?"

"So I did, but lost my way, rode down to a big swamp, and captured this prisoner, who has guided me hither."

"Who does the boy belong to? or is he free?"

"Before I tell you anything more, Colonel, will you favor me with a private interview?"

"Certainly!" he said, with a look of curious inquiry, which was likewise manifested by the others. "After supper I suppose will do."

"I should rather it were now, as I consider the matter very important."

He rose quickly from the table, and all present looked surprised, if not startled. On my first appearance, Cora had blushed crimson; but her features now turned pale, as did those of her mother beside her, whom she much resembled. Alice, however, I noticed did not change color. The Colonel led the way to a small room, a sort of library and study, and I followed, taking Cato with me. As soon as the door was closed, I said to the black:

"This is the great commander of the Regulators, Cato, whom you have been taught to look upon with terror; but if you will tell the truth, and all the truth, keeping nothing from him, he will be your friend, as he is mine, and see that you are well taken care of, and kept from being harmed by bad men."

"Certainly I will!" said Colonel Brandon, though at a loss to conjecture what was coming. "What is it, Doctor?"

I proceeded to state where I had first seen Cato, the way in which I had the second time discovered him, what I had gathered from him, and my own fears and suspicions.

"This matter looks serious!" said the Colonel, thoughtfully.

"Can you trust all your friends here? the gentlemen at your table?" asked I. "It may seem a strange question to put to you," I pursued, as the Colonel looked at me with an air of surprise; "but if my suspicion should prove well founded, that Captain Sebastian, who has long been regarded as an honorable gentleman, is in league with these bandits and outlaws, it must go far to create a feeling of distrust throughout the community, and almost justify every man in being suspicious of every other that he does not positively know to be honest and true."

"These gentlemen are above suspicion," he replied, in a positive, confidant tone.

"I am glad to hear you say so!"

"Why do you suspect Captain Sebastian?" he inquired, looking me steadily and earnestly in the eye.

I gave my reasons, such as are already known to the reader.

"I have myself suspected him for a long time," he rejoined; "and have been waiting and watching, and gradually picking up evidence, till I am almost sure. You say the name of the chief of these desperadoes is Captain Guido—that the description of him, which Cato here gives, will answer for Sebastian—that one of his names is Guido, and so forth and so on. Well, now, what will you say, when I tell you that, a few days ago, when near Sebastian's dwelling, one of my dogs snapped up a bit of white paper, which I found to be part of a letter, addressed to F. Guido? and though the writing was mostly torn off, I read in three places: '*We must not fail next*'—'*I will be with you on*'—'*Velando has made all safe below!*' I think it would not have made any impression on me—that I should not in fact have remembered a word of it—only for the name of Velando: that struck me as rather strange, as I had never heard the name applied to but one individual, who had, as I supposed, been executed by Sebastian and his men some years ago. When I saw that Spaniard we have in charge, I was almost startled at the resemblance he bore to the villain I believed to be dead; and I purposely drew him out into a long conversation, to see if he might not be the same. When he started and turned pale at the mention of his name, I knew the man himself was before me; but it was not my policy to have him suppose I was certain of his identity—only that I saw a strong resemblance to the outlaw. I fancied I had then the beginning of what might prove a long chain of circumstantial evidence against Sebastian; and when I told you it was possible he might apologize, I had in view the idea of calling his attention to the fact of the Spaniard looking so much like the outlaw as at least to render him a too suspicious character for the Captain to claim him as his friend and insult an honorable gentleman on his account. Sebastian, when I laid the facts before him, was glad enough to catch at this and throw the villain overboard to screen himself. Now if he is a member of these desperadoes, it is easy to see the motive he had for sacrificing you and your companions at first, knowing you were strangers in the country, and also his desire not to have the real villains followed."

"And why not go a step further, Colonel Brandon," said I, "and suppose him the prime instigator of the kidnapping of your daughter?"

"Ha! do you suspect him of that foul crime too?"

"I do."

"On what grounds? for what purpose? what motive?"

"His daughter is in love with Ernest La Grange."

"What! Flora?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"And of course she looks upon your daughter Alice as a rival—a very formidable rival indeed at that."

"Well?"

"Might she not argue, that if Alice were out of the way, Ernest would see attractions in herself?"

"This is your surmise?"

"It is."

"But you have no proof?"

"I know she is in love with Ernest and hates Alice."

"You *know* this, you say?"

"I am so certain of it that it would take a great deal of evidence to change my belief."

"And you think she was the cause of Alice being kidnapped?"

"I do."

"If the father be the villain we suspect, would he not endeavor to keep the fact concealed from his family?"

"I think he would trust so true a daughter as Flora, lest her shrewdness might work against him."

"You think Flora then has a good deal of her father's nature?"

"I do."

"Well, perhaps you are right!" mused the Colonel. "But now we come back to the danger that threatens us here. If this Sebastian is leagued with the desperadoes, nothing more likely than that he should be anxious for the liberation of the prisoner, lest his own secret should be discovered by the latter's informing on him, or in some other way, and we must secretly prepare for the worst. Cato, I now come to you, and you must tell me all you know!"

"Ise doesn't knows no'ting furder, Marser."

"We will see. Now, Cato, I want you to understand that I am the Captain of the Regulators, and that I can hand you out and have you hung or shot in less than ten minutes."

"Don't you does it now, good Marser!" cried the frightened black, sinking down on his knees.

"If you tell me the truth I will not; but if you lie to me, then Heaven have mercy on your soul!"

Of course this was said to frighten the negro—the Colonel having no intention of punishing him with death in any case.

"I-I-Ise 'll tell all I knows!" stammered the frightened black.

"That is all we want of you, Cato. Do that, and help us to defeat these bad men, and I will see that you shall have your liberty, if I even have to buy you to set you free. Now, in the first place, what were you doing so far from home when Dr. Walbridge found you?"

Cato hesitated and hung his head.

"You must tell!" pursued the Colonel sternly; "you have no choice!"

"And ef Ise tell, Marser, will you keep Ise from dem bad mens?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, Marser, I'n sent wid dis yar letter, to gib um to Marser Horset, when dey was git together down dar whar dis yar gemman hear 'em whistle."

As he spoke, Cato drew forth a letter from his bosom and handed it to Colonel Brandon, who lost no time in opening and perusing it. It read as follows:

"Wait for the signal—we're not quite ready yet. Kingston tells me he can't get here with his men under two days; and besides, our great chief can't well act with us till this murder business simmers down. The country is excited now, and failure might be death to us, as the Regulators would have their force out in double quick. Reconnoitre, but do nothing to attract notice till you hear from me or Guido. Velando will keep, for they're going to law it, and so no danger there. And even if he were to be hung, I shouldn't much care, for he's made a —— fool of himself, by getting into a scrape just in time to spoil our plans. We must have a little more delay now, and get all our men well on hand for the big blow; and then of course for Texas, with every horse and nigger we can raise. I send this by Cato, and you know you can trust him with any message back. I'd come myself, but I'm going to see Guido, and every man's busy in different ways, getting ready for the big strike. Our Captain's party did us harm as it turned out; but it can't be helped now. I hear the Colonel suspects Velando; but that's all; all the rest is good and dark; and if anything takes wind, and the Regulators get roused, who'll hear of it sooner than our chief, whom nobody suspects? Be at the ferry to-morrow night, and I'll try to meet you."

This letter was only signed with a B. As he finished reading it, the Colonel looked at me, and observed, with lips compressed:

"Doctor, our suspicions are certainties!"

"It seems so."

"The villain! To think he has so long been playing the gentleman among us!"

"You mean Sebastian?"

"Yes, him whom nobody suspects!" he answered through his grinding teeth. "Ah! he little knows how much we know! He must be arrested before he does any further mischief."

"By a warrant?"

"By the Regulators, my friend. I will send for him to come here."

"Will he not suspect?"

"I will invent some plausible reason for his presence. Meantime we must get our men secretly together. If you were not so much fatigued, I would ask you to ride over to La Grange's to-night and start out Ernest."

"Never fear for me, Colonel—I am good for twenty-four hours yet."

"Your leaving here for your present home will look so natural, that any reconnoitering party, knowing all about us, would not be likely to suspect any design, as they might if I were to send any one else."

"I will go, Colonel—consider that settled!"

"You need be in no haste—an hour or two hence will do. You must have some supper and a chat with the ladies. Upon my word, you blush easily, Doctor! But mark you, my friend—not a word of this affair to any of my family to-night! Not a word of Cato either, beyond the fact that you found him in the woods and don't know but he may be a runaway—at least you took the liberty of bringing him here and handing him over to me. I suppose you will have to say that much, because he has been seen, though I could wish he had not. Cato," he pursued, addressing the black, "I shall have to lock you up to-night, and let nobody question you; but I will see that you have a good supper, and, just as soon as it can be done with safety, you shall have your freedom and be sent beyond the reach of the villains who would kill you. Do you know anything more than you have told?"

"Spects dem is all."

"Who gave you this letter?"

"Marser Blake."

"Ha!" cried I; "the very leader of the party who captured Miss Alice! Depend upon it, Colonel, Guido is Sebastian; and Sebastian, or his daughter, is the author of that outrage! These men claimed to be acting under the orders of their chief, but refused to name him; and so he who cried thief the loudest was himself the thief!"

"If so, there may soon be a day of fearful reckoning for him!" was the stern rejoinder.

After some further conversation, which need not be related here, the Colonel put Cato in charge of a trusty servant, with strict orders not to let him escape or hold communication with any one; and then we together repaired to the supper-room, talking in a light and easy strain, as if nothing had ever gone wrong.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mr. Conway writes that there is not such a thing as a sleigh in England.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. We still are able to supply the back numbers of THE POST from the first of the year.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"To Sarah," is respectfully declined.

CELL LIFE.

In the whole range of discoveries by the Microscope there are none more interesting and important than those which concern the primitive condition of organic material, the so-called cell. It is ascertained that all animal or vegetable substance, however varied in appearance, is in its solid parts made up of a combination of minute globular masses, or cells. These cells assume a great variety of regular and irregular shapes, produced by mutual pressure and other less apparent causes; muscle, nerve, bone, membrane, &c., having each a peculiar cell. All discovery however tends to establish the doctrine that each cell is originally globular. Even the main fluid of the body is full of these masses, at first colorless and globular, afterwards flattened or disk-shaped, and of that peculiar red tinge to which the blood owes its color.

These microscopic globes are, in their typical state, composed of a mass of more or less fluid "contents," the outer layer of which is condensed into a membraneous wall. Through this porous membrane, fluid matter passes in and out by that peculiar property of animal membrane called Osmosis. In the interior of this cell is constantly found, at some period of its existence, a dark spot, or nucleus, within which again a more minute spot, or nucleolis, is often observed.

These cells are the main agents in all animal formation and growth, those of every organ extracting from the blood the exact materials necessary to that organ, while the waste and decay of any portion of the body means simply the destruction of over-ripe cells and the removal of their contents. Thus each organ preserves its healthy condition through a constant change of its material, the death of old cells and birth of new. Growth takes place by a division of the cell through its nucleus, by the outgrowth of a new cell upon the wall of the old, or by the division of the nucleus into several others, each of which becomes the centre of a new cell, the original one disappearing.

All animal and vegetable bodies are simply congeries of such cells and their surrounding fluids. The higher the character of the body the greater the variety of cellular function, every special organ being formed of a mass of specialized cells, peculiarly fitted to perform the functions of that organ. But even in the highest animals we find indications of an original similarity of character in all cells and certain reasons for believing that their peculiar action is a result of surrounding circumstances. In derangement of the liver, for instance, other parts of the frame relieve it to some degree. Thus the exterior skin has been known to assist both the liver and the kidneys by secreting their peculiar products.

In the lower animals, what is known as "Differentiation of Function" becomes less marked, and the cells of the whole body become more similar, both in shape and in action. In the lower Radiate animals there are found no positive traces of either a nervous or a blood-circulating system. On the contrary the Jelly Fish and the Coral animals seem to be all stomach, the only apparent differentiation being in the possession of an outer and inner membrane. But that these membranes are very similar in character is proved by the fact that some of these animals, as the fresh-water Hydra, may be turned inside out, with no apparent injury. The outside skin at once assumes the function of the interior one, and life goes on actively as ever. We may even cut them into numerous pieces, and each piece will in a short time grow into a perfect animal, showing that every part of its frame is able to perform the functions of the complete animal, and that here at least is one being which it is impossible to exterminate by the sword, but which, like the giant of the old fable, grows into two monsters for every one that is cut into halves.

Descending yet lower into the kingdom of the Infusoria, we find countless myriads of beings, as the Monad, each composed of a single animal cell, yet each performing such life functions as the consumption and digestion of food. At this same stage we find the lowest vegetable forms, so similar in appearance that in special cases it becomes almost impossible to decide whether a certain form is a plant or an animal.

This primitive animal closely resembles the single cell of the higher beings in its modes of assimilating food, growth, and propagation. But for its performing individual life-functions, it might be readily taken for the original stage of one of those protoplasmic globes which, aggregated in myriads, form the human body. Its habit too of grouping into communities composed of numerous individuals assists this analogy. So close is this resemblance that we find a late writer, induced by these and other considerations, taking the strange but certainly original stand, that each of the numberless cells composing the human body is in reality a distinct animalcule, or individual Monad. His argument is curious, and brings considerable logic to bear on a weak position. He argues that a man is but a congeries of an immense number of living animals, congregated into a vast community, to which each lends its special and full powers. That as distinct species of Monads appear, each in its peculiar organic infusion, so the special fluids of the various animal organs decide the species of Monads of which each organ is composed. That each cell takes part as an individual in the performance of the organic movements, yielding up its life for the good of the community, and being really possessed of all the animal powers of the microscopic individual. The idea is a curious one, and shows strongly the present tendency of the scientific mind to extend its research into the minutest domains of nature.

"Landreths' Warranted Garden Seeds."

These are household words in nearly every rural homestead in the land. In every hamlet and village store the *leaf* which bears the expressive words which heads this article may be read, for but few country storekeepers can be found so indifferent to the wants and true interests of their customers as to be in the planting without a supply of Landreths' seeds. It is curious and instructive to observe the growth and extension of many industrial pursuits, and perhaps none more so, than the culture of seeds. A generation or two back when the forefathers of the present Landreths commenced the business of rearing seeds for sale, a small plot sufficed to produce the required quantity—but since then great has been the increase in population, and thousands of square leagues of our common country have been cleared and cultivated, and the ten or a dozen acres in seeds, which at that time sufficed, have grown to be a gigantic seed-garden of six hundred acres; with steam power, improved machinery, and appliances for threshing, and a whole colony of workmen engaged in the culture, cleaning, and general preparation of the crops.

Landreths' Rural Register and Almanac, of which there is an edition yearly published, abounds in useful hints to both farmers and gardeners:—indeed it has been said, no resident in the country but may find within its pages something to suit his personal wants—some information which may be useful, be his grounds large or otherwise. We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Landreths' seeds in an adjoining column.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR." By L. P. BROCKETT, M. D., and Mrs. MARY C. VAUGHAN. With an Introduction by HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D., President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Illustrated with sixteen steel engravings. Philadelphia, Ziegler, McCurdy & Co. 800 pp., $7.50. This is a work which will probably be welcomed very warmly by large numbers of those engaged in the benevolent missions connected with the war. The publishers state that none of those who have been the prime favorites of the army and the nation are omitted, but that Miss Barton, Miss Gilson, Miss Davis, Miss Parsons, the Misses Wooley, Miss Bradford, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Parrish, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Bickendyke, Mrs. Fogg, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Colfax, Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Livermore, and scores of others, two hundred in all, have a place in the work. The portraits, fourteen in number, are of Clara Barton, Mrs. Bickendyke, Mrs. Nellie M. Taylor, Mrs. Governor Harvey, Miss E. E. Parsons, Mrs. M. M. Husband, Miss Mary J. Safford, (the Cairo Angel), Mrs. R. H. Spencer, Miss Hattie A. Dada, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Henrietta Colt, Mrs. J. S. J. Stranahan, and Mrs. Mary B. Wade. There is also a vignette title representing Barbara Frietchie, and a full page plate, representing Annie Etheridge rallying a Michigan regiment. The designs for these are, we believe, by H. L. Stephens. The book is well printed and bound, and in all probability will have a large sale.

NEW AMERICA. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce that this new work, by W. HEPWORTH DIXON, will be republished by them during the present month. We judge by some extracts from it that are furnished, that it is very eloquently written.

WOODBURN GRANGE. A Story of English Country Life. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Woodburn Grange has its scene in that part of Nottinghamshire through which flows the river Trent. Mr. Howitt, who lived in the town of Nottingham for many years, has walked over most part of that beautiful country, which still contains what is left of the famous Sherwood Forest, and knows it more thoroughly than any other author. The story contains a great variety of incident and character—and among the most noticeable parts are the descriptions of a *fete* at a Quaker's villa in the country, of Quaker life in London, and of a Quaker wedding. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT. A Guide to the Successful Cultivation of the Market and Family Garden. Illustrated. By PETER HENDERSON, South Bergen, N. J. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York.

BERLIN AND SANS SOUCI; OR, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS. An Historical Romance. By L. MÜHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and his Court," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE. A Lecture delivered before the London College of Preceptors, Oct. 10, 1866. By EDWARD L. YOUMANS, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

FOR EVER AND EVER. A Drama of Life. By FLORENCE MARRYATT, author of "Love's Conflict," &c. Published by Loring, Boston, and also for sale by Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL;" and "THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL." Published by Orange Judd & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE. Accompanying this report is "a little gift from the Girls of the House of Refuge, in return for THE POST for the last year." Will the young ladies please accept our thanks; and we hope they may derive as much pleasure from reading our paper during the coming year as during the past.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for 1866.

☞ It has been discovered at the British General Post Office that many persons in America are in the habit of sending over to England sums of money wrapped in newspapers. Notes for various amounts of dollars are the media. In consequence of the existence of this practice, American papers are now examined at St. Martin's le Grand. It is impossible to examine every paper, but selections are made at London, and frequent seizures are the result.

☞ The oldest business in the world—the nursery business.

A CORRECTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of February 2d, 1867, I discover a paragraph which runs as follows:—"A Court in *Wisconsin* recently decided that a man has a right to chastise his wife 'to a reasonable extent.'"

I do not say that this is not the *truth*, so far as concerns the decision of the "*Court*," but I *will* say, that *public opinion* and the *laws of the land* forbid the EXERCISE of any such prerogative in our State of Wisconsin, and the statute law makes chastisement of a wife by a husband sufficient ground for a *divorce*. I believe that no State in the Union has more carefully guarded the rights of women than has Wisconsin; and, moreover, it is only fair to state my conviction that they appreciate the fact and are willing to admit the claim of the men when we ask credit for honorable, manly motives, and thus shielding them from dangers, trials and sufferings which might befall them without such protection of law.

We have endeavored, through our legislators, to express a lofty and chivalric regard for the happiness of woman, and at the same time give her the right of property and power to restrain a spendthrift husband, in case she finds it necessary, and if the law has been evaded or set aside by any "*Court*," I have yet to learn the fact.

This being the case, we do not like to see an old and reliable periodical endorse such an implied slander as that contained in the paragraph quoted.

Eastern people might infer that said decision was an exponent of the public sentiment in our State, and very soon we should be overrun with a class of immigrants who would gladly seek that favored land *where a man could chastise his wife*, and leave those bigoted States where the laws forbid such pastime. But they would soon learn their mistake, if the women were like our *Badger* women, and the "*total abstinence from whipping*" plan would have to be adopted, or our "*Courts*" would teach them that chastising a wife to *any* extent is a brutal, barbarous custom, not tolerated in civilized Wisconsin.

I trust that having given circulation to the slur upon our fair name, you will now make the "*amende honorable*" by giving this a place in your columns at earliest convenience, for we should dislike to believe that THE POST ever really gave credence to the story, though it has unwittingly caused many to think of Wisconsin as a State which adheres to the old customs of the aborigines.

With the greatest esteem I remain,
Yours truly, M. P. WHEELER.
Westport, Wis.

About Low Dresses.

A singer in a London concert saloon writes to the Pall Mall Gazette:—

Can you or any of your readers tell me why ladies of title are allowed to wear dresses in "society" which the manager of a music hall where I am engaged as a singer tells me are too indecent for his stage? Like most other members of my profession, I buy all my dresses from a dealer in fashionable cast-off clothing. I find that they are invariably well made, that no fault can be found with the quality of the material, that they are long enough, and often too long in the skirts, large enough round the waist, broad enough across the back, but always so low in the neck that I am not allowed to wear them, and never feel inclined to wear them without adding a deep band of lace or silk to cover my shoulders. My dresses come from countesses, duchesses, and other ladies who stand well in the Court Circular. How is it that these ladies can wear dresses, sitting on ottomans with gentlemen leaning over them, that I cannot and am not allowed to wear on the stage of a music hall with ten or fifteen yards' space between me and my audience? A SINGER AT THE ALHAMBRA.

OUR CITY ON AN AURIFEROUS FOUNDATION—DO WE LIVE IN GOLDEN HOUSES—ARE OUR STREETS PAVED WITH THE PRECIOUS METAL?—The Rev. Mr. McCarty, a Western lecturer, in the course of a lecture delivered at Tama, Iowa, a few evenings since, made the following reference to the hidden wealth of our goodly city:—

"Philadelphia is on a gold mine. It is a golden city. Its streets are paved with gold, its houses are built of gold. Yet," said the lecturer, "Philadelphia is not quite heaven. Under that city there is a deposit of clay measuring ten square miles. This stratum of clay has a thickness of about fifteen feet. The chemist, in applying his tests, has discovered that gold exists in that clay bed to the value of three cents in each cubic foot. In that vast clay deposit there are 3,750,000,000 of cubic feet, in which are $112,500,000. There is gold enough in every brick made from it, which, if diffused, would cover two square inches of gold leaf, and within the corporate limits of that city, there is more gold diffused than has yet been brought from Australia and California."

What takes the shine off of the reverend lecturer's remarks is the unfortunate, but incontrovertible scientific fact that to obtain the three cents' worth of gold hidden in every cubic foot of clay underlying our city, it would require an outlay of four cents, a net loss of one dollar per hundred cubic feet. Bearing this important fact in mind, our enterprising citizens will not be likely to meddle with the golden foundations of our city, and in the future, as in the past, Philadelphians will enjoy the opulent consciousness of walking over an immense gold mine.

LEASUE ISLAND FOR THE IRON CLADS.—This bill has finally passed the Senate. Mr. Sumner's amendment for a commission to select a site, was disagreed to, as were amendments offered by Messrs. Foster and Anthony, designed to send the bill back to the House. The bill was then passed—yeas, 27; nays, 17—eight Senators absent or not voting, and it goes to the President. The bill provides for the acceptance of the island upon the favorable report of a commission to be appointed by the President.

☞ An amusing scene took place at a Frankfort theatre, one night during the present month. Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" was being played, and when in the trial scene the judge asked Shylock what he claimed from his debtor, and the latter replied, "a pound of flesh," a man in the gallery cried out, "and eight cigars." The Frankfort people applauded this allusion to the Prussian bill of fare during the war; the Prussians lost their temper, a row ensued, and the police cleared the house.

☞ Dickens's income is seventy thousand dollars a year from his writings and lectures; and he is estimated to be worth three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand dollars.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CUZCAN CHARACTERISTICS—CUZCO—ST. JOHN'S DAY—GRAND PROCESSION—PLEASANT PASTIME—SHARP WORK—OUR EDITH—HAPPY FINALE.

Any one tolerably conversant with the manners, customs and general characteristics of the ancient Peruvians, made so by studying Stevens, or any of the truthful historians of Peru, being carried blindfold, ignorant of their destination, and set down with uncovered eyes in the city of Cuzco, would within fifteen minutes be very likely to exclaim:

"Why, surely I am among the descendants of the Incas of Peru."

Such are almost invariably the first impressions of all strangers visiting Cuzco; and whether they remain a week or a year, these first are very generally sure to be the last impressions also, only a hundred fold confirmed. And, after all, it is not so easy to single out any individual habit or characteristic of modern Cuzcans that would of itself mark them anything distinctly as sons and daughters of the ancient sun-worshippers. The first physical feature of not only the Cuzcans proper, but of all the inhabitants of the great plain, is their slender figures and inferior stature. It is very rarely that a man of native, or even half Spanish blood, can be found that will measure more than five feet four inches, while the female standard is, I believe, below five feet, and both men and women are delicate and slender built in proportion to their stature. In features the men and women, both natives and of mixed blood, not only of Cuzco, but in all the surrounding country embraced within the limits of the plateau, are far handsomer than the people of Peru generally.

The small, delicate and peculiarly feminine cast of features in males, as well as females, with the liquid, languid black eye and soft, silky hair, so intensely black that in the sunlight it actually shows purple, so unlike the shock of coarse, lank bristles that crowns the caput of almost all savages or semi-barbarians, come next to make up the physical qualities that mark the Cuzcans as lineal descendants of the ancient Inca race.

A shy, nervous timidity, indicative of suspicion and a fear of being in some manner made sufferers, marks their earlier intercourse with all strangers, and especially so with a Spaniard. But once acquainted they become confiding, communicative, hospitable and social to a degree oftentimes annoying.

Cuzco as a city is Peruvian in a thousand characteristics, with Spanish features interpolated—most Inca and least Spanish of all the cities of South America. Quadrangular, contracted in its modern limits to one-sixth of its dimensions *before* the conquest, sitting squat on a flat, dead level base, narrow, unpaved, gutterless, side-walkless streets, sloughs of mud one half the year, and reeking with all manner of filth always—houses that are *adobe* shells, or mere mud and wicker work hovels, one-storied, windowless, in the majority of instances floorless—invariably comfortless, sheltering brutes and humanity, and in all instances legions of noisome vermin indiscriminately. These are the features due directly to the presence of a degenerate race descended from the primitive sun-worshippers of Peru, and deteriorated almost to brutes by the vices of their Christian conquerors and so liberal an infusion of Spanish blood.

The markings of Spanish interpolation, though fewer, are more conspicuous in all, and in many instances ten times more obtrusively apparent. In the distance we behold towering above their modest adobe surroundings pretentious churches, coped, turreted, and crowned each with its tower, bearing a chime of consecrated bell metal dedicated to some especial saint. Above these again the grand cathedral lifts in solemn grandeur its imposing bulk, while at frequent intervals along all the narrow streets and *en masse* usurping places of honor surrounding the *plazas*, white stuccoed walls, two-storied fronts, arched entrances, balconies, barred windows and red tiled roofs mark the residences of members of the dominant race.

Passing along the length of one of Cuzco's ordinary streets, so narrow that taking the centre with both arms outstretched you very nearly obstruct the entire passage, taking one of these dismal, unlighted alley ways in the dusk of evening, with the low, continual hum of humanity so near on either hand, you are to all intents in a Peruvian world as it was probably ages before the conquest, and no great stretch of imagination carries you by a single short step back to the days of the great Huasco and the gilded magnificence of Cuzco's mighty sun-temple.

Change locality and time to a saint day and one of the few broad thoroughfares; and in the grand procession, preceded by bands of music and a military display, followed by solemn *padres*, clad in the colors of their various churches, red, green, blue, white, scarlet, yellow, crimson and damask, displayed in robes of flowing satin, these in turn followed by the Immaculate Mother of God, bearing in her arms the infant Saviour, seated on a gorgeous throne, canopied in blue and crimson and gold, mother and infant bedecked in royal robes, and literally dazzling the eye with flashing gems and precious metals. Next the twelve apostles, Judas being a privileged and petted processionist, all in gala attire, larger and more natural than life, each enthroned and canopied separately, and borne in triumph high above the heads of the worshipping crowd; and then the terminal train, first a mounted military guard, then five hundred men and boys bare-headed and wearing divers colored mantles, indicating the several churches of the city—then a miscellaneous crowd of men, women, boys, girls, caballeros, dusky *serritas*, dons, donkeys, dark-eyed Senoras, dogs, peons, pretty dulcina half-breeds, grand dames, *chaulas*, and horrible old hags, crushing, carolling, cursing, firing rockets, ranting and ringing out interminable vivas for every saint in the calendar and a dozen or two out of it—*hilaritear*—hurrah! Through the day a grand religious fete, degenerating towards nightfall into Satan's saturnalia, terminating in a torchlight phantasmagoria, foul deeds of licentious wickedness, quarrels, arguments of murderous steel, and a few cowardly assassinations—we have in all these demonstrations evidence beyond contradiction that the Christian conqueror "reigns in and rules over" the Peruvian city of Cuzco.

All these evidences and something beyond we had presented upon the day and evening of our advent into the sun city of the ancient Incas. It was the 24th of June, sacred to St. John, Cuzco's patron saint, and the whole strength of the church was out in all its imposing magnificence to do honor to the occasion.

It was an hour past noon when we rode into the southern suburbs, and becoming advised of the passage of the Host and sacred procession through the wider throughfares, we avoided them, and employing two honest-looking *chaula* guides, we turned into the narrow, intricate *Calle Mal Vista* (Bad View Street,) most appropriately named, and by it traversing quite two-thirds of the breadth of the city, without meeting incident or obstruction, our chaulas brought us to *El Fonda de Fonseca*, a commodious, cleanly, well kept inn, fronting the *Plaza de Almagro*—a very quiet neighborhood; and having seen our animals and attendants of all classes, comfortably disposed of and provided for, we sat down to a family dinner that was certainly far superior both in material and cooking to any hotel dinner it had been our fortune to find after leaving Mendoza in the Provincee of the Rio de la Plata.

During dinner, the propriety of going out night-seeing was discussed, pro and con. Some of us, older and more experienced, argued stoutly against such a proceeding, but our dimity companions out talked us as usual in an opposite direction, and such Hotspurs as Harry White, O'Harra, and three or four others, siding with all the *Eves*, we were out voted four to one, and a *passeo* was the decision. So our chaulas having been retained in service as pilots, were charged not to take us through any disreputable or quarrelsome quarter of the city. But as neither the discretion or integrity of a *chaula* is ever to be implicitly relied upon, we all—every man and woman of us, set about a thorough overhauling, cleaning, and reloading our revolvers and divers double-barrelled pocket companions that no one of us ever went five rods anywhere without. We had no idea of any probable necessity for using our side arms, as we intended to go quietly about our business, meddling with no one. But previous experience had taught us that in South America, perfect preparation for any human emergency was the only certain guarantee of safety, and so we went forth at about five o'clock, the entire party, a decidedly formidable masked locomotive battery.

We had ordered supper at nine, and intended to devote the four intermediate hours to seeing Cuzco's Saint-day lions, and so much other rational pastime as circumstances might bring us in contact with. We got through with three hours as pleasantly as we could desire, and then there came an incident, exciting enough, but not in the least pleasant.

We were passing in procession, quietly along the eastern side of the plaza of *San Felipe*, when suddenly a shrill, piercing scream from a woman, and the next moment a man's cry of pain, brought us all to a dead halt, and O'Harra and Cator, who were walking with their wives, leading the column, dashed away into a dark, narrow passage opposite them, from which the scream and cry had proceeded.

In ten seconds we heard Cator's voice, saying—

"You whelp!—I say—Barney—the infernal dog has cut me badly."

Flinging off the women, we went with a rush into the dark passage to assist our friends. Shoulder to shoulder, Dr. Bond and myself stumbled and went down over a man lying prostrate across the passage. Frank Essling, Arthur, Harry White, Monteiro, and our bug-hunter went headlong over us, two or three pulling off their revolvers—pop—pop—bang, as they fell; in came all our petticoat reserve with pistols out—O'Harra was flashing away ten yards down beyond us—Kate went over us like a deer to join her husband, Minnie and Edith knelt by the man we had tumbled over—Arline Essling cracked away twice in a second at something beyond us bringing out a yell, and a dull *thud* as the something went down in the passage.

Scrambling to our feet and running forward we met Cator cursing and ranting, holding on his left arm a fainting female, and holding up his right as high as he could, roaring out:

"Here—I say—somebody—everybody—you women—Doctor—out with your handkerchiefs. Take this girl quick! Tie up my arm—be handy. It's cut to the bone. Bear a hand!"

Arthur Essling caught the girl, five of the women and Dr. Bond were all fighting over Cator's arm, tying their handkerchiefs in all sorts of knots over the top of each other; and just when they had put a stop to his bleeding to death, O'Harra came up from one way, and twenty soldiers doing duty as police, backed by a crowd of men, women and children, many bearing torches, came in from the other way.

"The murdering thieves!" O'Harra said, panting—"four of 'em on one. I clipped two of the pirates, Arline fetched one—I know that by the crack of her English repeater. Some of you that were down dropped the fourth one very dead. How is Cator's arm, Doctor? I say—let's look after the girl's protector down here under foot. Ah, I see—"

"*Que es isso aqui?*" interrupted the officer in command of the soldiers.

"Some ruffians committing murder and attempting something worse I think," Mr. Essling senior said.

"A ha—very well. You will all go to prison to-night, and to-morrow or the next day you will be attended to."

The many torches made it as light as noonday. In three seconds Edith Bond stood front facing the officer, looking him steadily in the eye, presenting her revolver and playing carelessly with the trigger. Every woman of our amazons flanked our Baltimore beauty, presenting their weapons and looking mischief. Edith said, in her quiet way:

"Senor officer, when your superiors want us, they can find us at the *Fonda de Fonseca*. We are going thither directly. It is better that you do not attempt to hinder us."

So thought the officer himself. So he fell back with his party, and we went our way, taking with us the rescued girl and the wounded man we had fallen over, leaving four useless ruffians in the passage, to the care of those who might feel an interest in them. We had none.

Arrived at the hotel, we found the stranger, a fine, handsome young fellow, severely but not dangerously stabbed in three places. Dr. Bond soon made him and Cator, whose arm below the elbow was badly cut, comparatively comfortable. In the meantime our senoras had comforted the young lady, a sweet, lovely girl, and learned from her the cause of the evening's tragedy.

Her name was Juvenia Almaden—her father was one of the wealthiest merchants of Cuzco. The wounded young man was her cousin and her father's chief clerk. They were lovers, and engaged to be married. Don Gasper Alberti, one of the ruffians killed, was a rascal, and rival of young Jose Almaden, Juvenia's cousin lover; and that night, assisted by three of his companions had attempted to assassinate Jose and carry off Juvenia. Among us, we had prevented the consummation of the villany.

The authorities did not call or send for us. Cator wore his arm in a sling, wanting to kill two or three more Cuzcons to pay for the cut. Don Jose got out before we left Cuzco, and married the pretty Juvenia on the first day he was able to walk; and at the wedding, Kate O'Harra, who was hail fellow with everybody, kissed both the Almaden families young and old, all round for Irish luck, and said:

"Viva! 'All's well that ends well.'"

A MODEL COUNTRY-HOUSE.

A writer in the Paris Journal des Debats gives an entertaining account of a recent visit to the country-house of Robert Houdin, the famous "prestidigitateur." Houdin seems to have shown excellent taste in the selection of a site. His residence is on the left bank of the Loire, opposite the town of Blois.

Novel applications of electricity and various ingenious devices have been introduced by M. Houdin. We translate some interesting passages:

AN AUTOMATIC DOOR.

An iron gateway for carriages gives access to a long, winding avenue bordered with trees which make an arbor of it; a little door at the left is devoted to the use of pedestrians. This door is ornamented with a little gilded knocker, above which is inscribed the name of the proprietor, and below that of the property, which is in the old priory of the cathedral of Blois. You see, also, the word "knock." The knocker, when lifted, establishes an electrical communication, which, by means of a wire like that of the telegraph, sounds a great clock-bell in the house several hundred yards distant. The servant, thus notified of an arrival, is not obliged to trudge this distance; he only twitches a cord which opens the door. This same string, still, by means of electricity, turns the plate on the door, and substitutes the word "enter" for the word "knock." The visitor pushes the door half open; if opened further it sounds a small bell which rings louder the further the door is pushed back, so that the inmates not only know that the visitor has entered, but also can tell pretty accurately whether he is alone or accompanied by others; for a single caller does not commonly trouble himself to push the door wide open.

M. Robert Houdin and his wife have plenty of time to prepare for the reception of their visitors while they are coming up the long shaded avenue of which we have spoken. Besides, the master of the house, by means of a glass mounted in his study, can see those who enter, distinguish them, count them, reconnoitre them. I should add, to end the description of this first domestic mechanism, that when the little door shuts, the word "knock" again appears on the plate, and as the servant accomplishes nothing by pulling the string except when some one has knocked, the family are always sure that the door has not been left open by any carelessness; moreover, a little placard placed in the vestibule of the house, and controlled by the same electric agent, bears the words "gates open," or "gates shut," as they are in the one or the other condition, a contrivance which remedies any negligence on the part of the servants.

HOW CARRIAGES ARE RECEIVED.

If it is a carriage which presents itself at the gate, the coachman opens the little door in the manner just described, enters, opens the great gate which communicates with the house by several electric wires which set the great bell ringing, and the rest pass of in the same way as in the case of callers on foot. If the coachman has not closed the gate behind him, the little tablet in the vestibule indicates it, and they know in the house that the gate has been left open.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Near the outside door is placed, as is the custom at present, a box for papers and letters; the external opening of this box is closed by a little cover, which can be lifted at pleasure; when lifted, it establishes in the electric apparatus the contact necessary to produce the current. The postman has orders to first deposit the papers and then the letters, one by one. As each one is dropped into the box, the lifting of the cover puts the current in play, and sounds a particular bell. "Good," says M. Robert Houdin, "there are my papers and my letters," and you know that in the country this moment is looked for with some impatience. "Jean, go and bring me the papers, and three letters which are in the box." No chance for roguery or negligence here, for the bell has tinkled three times since the ring produced by the package of papers.

TRICKS.

But does it not happen that the passers-by amuse themselves by lifting this little gilded knocker which they see glittering below the name of Robert Houdin, so universally known by his reputation, as *quasi* sorcerer? And do they not often make the inmates pull the cord uselessly? That has indeed happened sometimes, but rarely, so well accustomed have the people of the neighborhood now become to this little mystery, and so little disposed are they to annoy an amiable neighbor who shows them nothing but kindness and courtesy. Only on Sunday the soldiers in their strolls among the suburbs of Blois, attracted by this knocker and by this magic name, amuse themselves by knocking at the door, and bringing out the word "Enter." They take themselves off at once without entering, and the people of the house know what that means. It is a little inconvenience of this ingenious mechanism, which in other respects renders so many services. Let us now penetrate into the domain of M. Robert Houdin.

AN AIRY ROAD.

The avenue which leads to his house is cut between two little hills crowned with trees. When you are walking in this little park you cannot pass from one hill to the other without descending into this avenue and climbing up the other side. This would be a fatiguing exercise. To remedy this two wire cables have been stretched from hill to hill. To these cables are suspended two chariots, rolling on pulleys—one to go, the other to return. You sit down in the first; the weight of your body moves it, and you cross the scooped out avenue by this airy road. When the chariot has landed you on the earth it returns to its place by a very simple mechanism, put in motion by counterpoises. After having visited this part of the park, you can return to the first by the same process, and these little voyages, which recall the Russian mountains, are very amusing.

ELECTRIC CLOCK.

We come to the house of the gardener. M. Robert Houdin wishes that his people should be at their work bright and early; to secure this he has put up in Antoine's bedroom an alarm clock, which sounds at a fixed hour by means of an electric current proceeding from the house clock; he has taken care to place this alarm, not near the bed of his gardener, but at the other side of the room; now the electric hubbub does not stop until you unhook the conducting wire; so Antoine is obliged to get up in order to deliver himself from the deafening noise, and once up, he will not be likely to go back to bed. The battle is won.

Beyond the lodge of the gardener is the hot-house, in which are kept during the winter the orange and other trees which are sensitive to cold; but if it is necessary to keep these from the frost, it is quite as hurtful to expose them to excessive heat; it is, therefore, necessary to have the means of verifying the temperature of the green-house, and, above all, of assuring one's self during the night that the gardener has not been negligent. Nothing easier to M. Robert Houdin. A metallic thermometer, composed of two different plates, which dilate unequally when heated, at a certain degree of heat or of cold pushes a little valve, which puts it in communication with an electric apparatus, the current once established, sounds a bell which notifies the master of the house.

You will conjecture that the subject of clocks has not been neglected by a man who commenced life as a clockmaker, and who has accomplished wonders in this kind of mechanism. M. Robert Houdin has given to his native town—Blois—an electric clock, not kept in motion by electricity transmitted and regulated by another clock of the common kind, but performing its functions under the direct influence of a pile which is only renewed once a year; all the clocks and watches in the town are regulated by this clock.

In his house M. Robert Houdin has a clock of great precision, a veritable chronometer of common make; it goes by means of a weight which it is necessary to wind up every week or every month; to obviate this necessity, M. Robert Houdin has utilized a wasted force, which no one before him had thought of employing; it is the kitchen door which, constantly opened and shut, winds up by this constant going and coming the weight of his clock. By means of an electric communication, the pendulum gives motion to the hands of several dies placed in different corners of the mansion; so that in getting up of a morning, and putting his nose, as they say, out of the window, M. Robert Houdin sees on the right, on the gable end of his green-house, the hour of day, on the left, on the gable end of another building, a dial hand which tells him the state of the barometer, while directly in front is a vane which shows the direction of the wind. And now, do not these ingenious and discreet mechanical servants, so obedient, of such even temper, whose wages are almost nothing, who are neither blustering nor awkward, who do not break anything, who, in a word, do not make jokes or bulls, and who are consequently the ideal of the model servant, need a great deal of care? Two hours a year to renew the electric piles. It is but simple truth to say that all this is arranged with a perfection in which you perceive the inventive mind and hand of a wonderfully skillful artist.

THE SALOON.

The saloon of M. Robert Houdin is ornamented with some articles of a special nature, which deserve mention. They are, firstly, some of those charming automatic figures which we have seen performing in his theatre—jugglers, rope-dancers, singing birds, &c.; and, secondly, the singularly curious and original autograph, which was pompously sent to him by the Arab chiefs, with their signatures, in token of their admiration, and of their gratitude for the feats which he performed before them in 1856.

☞ The London Athenæum praises Mrs. Elizabeth Akers's (Florence Percy's) poetry, as "showing tenderness and purity of feeling, and no little elegance of manner."

☞ The New York Numismatic Society are making themselves merry about a silver dollar issued by Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, which is on exhibition in that city. The Emperor, whose effigy is on the coin, has a beard, which is so drawn as to bear, when the coin is turned upside down, a striking resemblance to the head of a donkey. The New York numismatics have had a grave discussion to decide whether this resulted from design, or was an intentional piece of satire on the part of the artist. The Mexicans are lucky, however, to have even donkey-marked silver in circulation, for our coins have been so long out of sight that the public generally have forgotten whether eagles or donkeys have most to do in ornamenting them.

☞ Davis McCue, of Davies county, Mo., who emigrated there when a young man, from Nicholas county, Va., contributed a *platoon* of soldiers to Price's army in the persons of *twelve* sons. All escaped the casualties of war but two. It is probable there was no other instance of so many representatives from one family in either army. Mr. McCue had nineteen children.

☞ More than 100,000 sheep perished near San Antonion, Texas, during a recent snow-storm.

☞ The largest room in the world under a single roof, and unbroken by pillars or other obstructions, is at St. Petersburg, Russia. It is 650 feet in length, and 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manœuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball-room, when it is warmed by sixteen prodigious stoves, and 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it properly. The roof of this great structure is a single arch of iron, the bars on which it rests weighing 12,880,000 pounds.

☞ NO TIME TO BE LOST.—"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" "Home, sir, home; don't detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

☞ Large quantities of herrings are sent to New York, frozen together in solid masses, from the banks of Newfoundland.

☞ To drain lands—drink whiskey and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

☞ An Irish lawyer, going to dinner, left his direction in the key-hole: "Gone to Bilse's lunch room; and if you can't read this, take it to any lawyer on this floor, and he will read it for you."

To Cure Broken Hearts.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A retired Old Maid, having been for years an irrepressible sufferer from the above cause, and having had the affliction repeatedly, in its most enraged form, wishes to unload a weight of duty from her shoulder, and therefore takes this method of announcing to her fellow-sufferesses a Never-Failing, Everlasting Remedy for Broken Hearts! It will not wash nor wear out, is healing in its effect upon the general system, is a gentle tonic, not bad to take, and is warranted to cure in three minutes without pain, in default of which the undersigned will agree to hold her own tongue for one year.

This letter of affectionate advice is meant for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to read it. For I never knew a man who had his heart broken. Moreover, they will be just as well off if they don't read it.

If your heart is broken, no matter how badly, if it is worse cracked than the brains of a modern reformer, apply, oh, pining sisterhood! this remedy:

Get a new beau.

It never fails. The undersigned has tried one dozen times, with complete success every time. If an unprincipled masculine creature nips your young affection in the bud, don't stay at home and pine away to a last year's bean pod. Don't you do it. Don't be of that unhappy number who learn their grammars only half way through. Only far enough, alas! to conjugate the verb Love in the *active* voice. The woman who will lose five minutes' sleep over any live human man, is a fool. Never allow yourself to care more for a man than he does for you, or if you do, don't let him know it. If he is over head in love with you, all devotion and sugar and all that, love him some, just to keep him good-natured, but not too much, not too much. Always give him to understand that he cares for you *a little* more than you do for him, and you can keep him under your thumb. That's how to manage them. And where men are such gay deceivers as many of them are in this wicked world, it's quite as well to keep 'em under your thumb moderately, and watch 'em. They'll bear watching.

But if, after all, some fascinating but false male man has played off on you, let me affectionately entreat you not to grieve over it. Don't fret. You can find another. Don't sit up at the window of nights, looking like the monumental female in your grandmother's sampler. No indeed. I have a contempt for a woman who would be disappointed in love.

"Come dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array;
And get you a husband both gallant and gay."

It is no matter about the husband, though. Do not ever marry for spite, but get a new beau for spite, and get him soon. Dress yourself in your prettiest, most becoming apparel, go to all the parties, be as lovely and lively as nature will let you, and in three days confront his honor, the ex-beau, with a merry, bright face, your most beautiful bonnet, and—a new beau. Won't the ex feel queer, though? For nothing so discomboberates a man as finding you can live without him,—live and do well, too! ("Discomboberate" is slang.)

Do not feel yourself obliged to fall in love with the new one, either. If he is nothing but a stick, so he is a good stout one, he will do to walk with, and that is all you want. It won't hurt him any. Neither need your conscience stop you from flirting, in moderation. Flirting, like a moral pocket-handkerchief, is both entertaining and instructive, when not carried to the extreme of ropes and laudanum. And it doesn't often go that far. There are folks who think flirting is wicked. Maiden aunts, and others of the "unco' gude" stripe, contend that it is sinful, and not proper besides, but don't mind them. Maiden aunts themselves would flirt, if they were not too old.

Therefore, oh, womankind! If your affections have been trifled with——Similia similibus curantur. Get a new beau. It will soothe your pride, and lift you up gently. It will bind the torn tendrils as a healing ointment. It will patch up the broken fragments so that your heart will smash anywhere else sooner than in the old place. Also, it will give you something new to think about. And here is another grain of comfort for you. If you will look about you, you will find this fact. No man ever deceived a woman yet that he did not get his come-uppance sooner or later. If you cannot have the blessed privilege of giving it to him, some other woman will. See if she doesn't.

Maybe you don't like my remedy. Perhaps, now, you think it is all nonsense, and besides that, undignified. Very well, you can think so, if you like. Nobody asks you to try it. If you choose, you can still take to cats and mission Sunday-schools. But if you have the least spark of spirit, let me repeat to you the language of my text:

GET A NEW BEAU. ZIG.

☞ "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind" pays a silver dollar for a thimbleful of well-watered alcohol.

☞ "THAT GREAT NAME."—A planter had a negro who always stood opposite to him when waiting at table. His master often took the name of God in vain, at which the negro immediately made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied that he never heard that *great name* mentioned but it filled his soul with awe. Thus he cured his master without offending him.

☞ The average daily number of letters having illegible addresses which are put into the Paris post is a thousand.

☞ Several young men have appeared at fashionable receptions in New York recently, in something like court dress—maroon velvet coat and breeches, with silk stockings.

☞ A manufacturer in this city is filling an order for two thousand dozen thimbles at eighteen cents per dozen, for the managers of a popular gift enterprise. "No blanks! Every ticket entitles the holder to a present!"—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ The Meadow Lake *Sun*, the *loftiest* paper in California, says the passage of citizens on snow-shoes down the mountain side outstrips the locomotive's flight.

☞ A dealer in horse-flesh, of Jewish persuasion, sold to a gentleman of little experience in such matters a steed as perfectly "without faults." Next day the buyer came back in great fury, because his groom found out that the alleged "faultless" horse was blind in the right eye. "Why," replied the sly jobber, "this is not the horse's fault, it is only *his misfortune!*"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

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A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

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OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

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Kindness Rewarded.

It is a dreadful thing to be old and poor, and have no home; but there is a deeper depth of human calamity than this—it is to have in addition, an old age of wasting, wearing sickness, which is often superinduced by that constant depression of mind which attends the consciousness of being alone and friendless and in want. One of the best means of avoiding an old age of destitution and bodily suffering is to cultivate while young all the benevolent and generous feelings of our nature, never by any possibility allowing any opportunity pass of befriending a fellow-traveller, as we are passing on life's journey, for sooner or later the reward will come of a happy heart and oftentimes a comfortable provision for declining years.

In 1812, a wounded soldier was lying helpless on the plains of Chalmette, a few miles below New Orleans. A youth passed that way, kneeled at his side, inquired as to his wants, conveyed him to a shelter, and remained with him until he was able to leave for his home in the city. Nearly half a century later, the wounded soldier died, but old Judah Toure never forgot the youth who helped him on the battle-field, and left him fifty thousand dollars in money, besides some duties to perform which eventually yielded Mr. Shepherd $100,000 more.

While living in New Orleans, about the year 1850, a poor young doctor, with a large family and a small practice, often came into my office. He was always courteous, always kind, and always sad; and who could be otherwise when anxiety for to-morrow's bread for wife and children is always pressing on the heart? But there came a letter one day, with the English post-mark, making inquiries for a certain young American doctor who had greatly befriended an English gentleman during a long and dangerous attack of sickness in New Orleans a number of years before. This grateful gentleman had died, and left our poor young doctor a large estate.

Ten years ago, and less, there lived in the city of New York a clergyman whose name and memory are sacred to thousands of grateful, loving, revering hearts. He has not been dead long; he will never die out of the holy affections of the people before whom he came in and went out so many years. Among his people there was one man, and he was of large wealth, who seemed to make it his special business, as it was his highest happiness, to see that his revered pastor wanted nothing. It was not a fitful care. It did not spring up in May, and die long before December came, but through weeks and months and long years it was always the same; incessant, perennial, gushing up always like a never-failing spring. The pastor died; his loving watcher, by no fault of his own, failed for almost millions; any recovery was absolutely hopeless. The grief that pressed him most was the loss of ability to help the helpless. Men looked on and wondered, and began to question if Providence would let such a man come to want in his gray hairs. But there was an eye upon him. A man of very great wealth said: "He must not suffer who cared so well and so faithfully and long for my old minister. He is just the man I want to attend to my estates, and he shall have all he asks for as compensation for his services."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Meat for Breakfast.

A recent writer expresses his belief that meat should be taken at the morning meal, and thus gives his reasons:

It may not be digested so quickly as some substances; but, as a rule, it is digested easily, and it certainly satisfies the system, and carries us farther in our work than vegetables alone. At this time meat should be taken in a palatable and easily digestible form—stewed, with the nutriment juices saved in the sauces, and the aromatic principles developed by the heat; or, better than all, broiled, for here the juices are retained in the tissue, and the flavor is developed by the hardening and carmelization, as it were, of the exterior. Above all, avoid the abomination of frying fresh meat; not alone as a matter of taste, but as a violation of scientific laws. A fresh animal tissue which has soaked up a mass of fat is not in a proper condition to be taken into the system. Salted articles, which are generally so hardened that they will not so readily absorb the fat, as fish, and articles which are exposed for but a short time to the very high temperature to which all fried articles are subjected, may be cooked in this way, but never good fresh meat.

☞ Indiana has an artesian well which squirts up 200,000 gallons of sulphur water a day. The company quit boring, thinking they had struck a kitchen cistern in a wicked place.

A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I have plenty of dutiful vassals,
Have plenty of gold and to spare,
I have plenty of beautiful castles—
But my castles are built in the air;
And my vassals are all airy creatures,
From beautiful Dreamland are they,
They drive me to balls
And magnificent halls,
And tell me my coach stops the way!
But oh, what a pest,
When it comes to the test,
I am kept in a dreadful delay.
A plague on those wild little vassals,
You can't trust a word that they say,
And I've heard that my beautiful castles
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
To the public—a benefit clear—
And Fancy engaged so to tell them,
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.
But the market by no means was lively,
For castles the call was but cold;
Lead and iron were brisk,
But gold none would risk
To invest on my battlements bold.
So my turrets, unlet,
I inhabit them yet,
And rather rejoice they're not sold,
And never a bit am down-hearted,
For my vassals still ply me with gold;
My castles and I shan't be parted
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom addressed me—
He's a horrid old bore in his way;
He said rats and mice would infest me,
As crumbled my towers to decay.
"They never can crumble, good father,
They're lasting, when once they're begun;
Our castles of air
We can quickly repair,
As the home of the spider's respun."
So homeward I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done,
And they looked just as lovely as ever,
As burnished they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever
Till the sands of my glass shall be run.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST DAY IN PARADISE.

For the first time in his life an English painter, by name Harold Gower, declared the world to be worth painting, and himself a happy man.

He was of a cynical turn, or he would never have reached his thirty-seventh birthday without having come to some such conclusion before, and this is true. He had ever been an unlucky man; or rather, he had ever set his heart upon attaining things impossible of attainment, and therefore not necessary or good for his soul in any way, and he had trampled on those wholesome possibilities growing about his feet, instead of drawing from them pith and fibre, such mental and bodily ailment as he needed.

But to-day cynicism was wholly unnecessary. London, with its atmosphere of browns and grays, its den of perverse academicians who won't hang deserving pictures on the line, its greater and lesser injustices towards unknown men of genius, was hundreds, nay, tens of hundreds of miles away. He was beyond reach of English newspapers, English tourists, and the English tongue, except as it was spoken by the beautiful young creature he so proudly called "wife." And to a man, moreover, with some reason in his discontent, if, indeed, inactive discontent were ever reasonable, the smallest circumstance of a life so isolated became a triumph.

Was he not enjoying the beauty of a new world all to himself? Not a painter, not a scatter-brained tourist, but had dog's-eared the pages of that exquisite poem called Italy. Was Greece new? Was the East new? Was anything new under the sun excepting his young wife's eyes and the African heavens from which their transparency seemed borrowed?

Two or three months ago they had left England with a care blacker and heavier than any murdered albatross hanging round the neck of each. And now, having rapidly passed through the regions of foggy winters and snowy springs, they fled southward like the swallows to find a land of perpetual summer and perfect peace. They were in that part of Africa which needs no extravagance of happy lovers to call Paradise; that verdant, flowery, indescribable land of Algeria, whose story is alike so sorrowful and full of shame. Never pausing, however, to study the half-French, half-moorish city which rises like a dream from the sea, they had journeyed straight through the plain dividing it from the chain of the lesser Atlas. What a new existence, what new possibilities of thought and feeling seemed opening upon them at every step! Were they really breathing the same atmosphere, made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, as learned at school, living under the same milky ways, followed by the same round white moon, as in Europe?

How easy it was to believe in worlds innumerable, others as yet undreamed of, planetary wonders surpassing poets' imaginations, now that they had found a new world not five days' journey from England.

"Don't you think, Harold," asked the young wife, as they rode side by side, "that bright skies and flowery lands cure one of a conscience? I do."

The painter winced and thrust his spurs impatiently into the flanks of his strong-limbed Arab horse.

"My dear Emilia, you say such insupportably simple things. What objection is there to retaining one's conscience?"

"But if it be troublesome, is it not best to throw it overboard, and memory too?"

"You women are so weak; when a man does a thing, he does it for once and for all. But you can never keep from looking back. Remember Lot's wife."

"You men are so selfish; so long as you gain, no matter who loses."

He laughed, a little, self-satisfied, heartless laugh.

"And that's just the reason why we gain," he said; "look upon me as a brute if you like, dearest, and give way to all sorts and degrees of pity for those who have lost, but I will make you happy in spite of yourself."

"I know that," she said, softly.

"If I thought that you stood in need of it, I could build a Babel of arguments in my favor," he went on; "we were wretched, we were leading mean untrue lives, we were falsifying all that is best and brightest in our natures. Who is happier than we are now? Whose lives are truer to each other? Whose humor is gayer than yours, more generous than mine?"

"Then gayety is a virtue?"

"Who can doubt it, since wicked people are always serious?"

They rode on for some time in silence. At length Emilia said with an arch smile,

"You know, Harold, I never am convinced by anything you say; but so long as I can live contentedly without convictions, what matters? I think I am going to be very happy. What a life this is compared to the interminable days at Trimleigh Hall. No one cared for pictures, or for music, or for George Sand, and we had to wear our best clothes on Sunday and go to church."

"You poor child! And I daresay the cyes at Trimleigh Hall never found out that you looked your prettiest in your Raffaelle's blue."

"There were other things to think of besides my prettiness and Raffaelle's blue. 'The House' to begin with, then Poor-Law Boards, and Committees on the Cattle Plague, and—"

"Oh! have done, Emmy, for Heaven's sake," said Gower, contemptuously.

"Yet," answered the girl, with a seriousness that was only half assumed, "Trimleigh Hall is goodness incarnate, and we are badness incarnate, and when we die it's all up with us."

"Goodness incarnate, indeed? Is it good to live without a soul? What does that poor fool know of the miracles Heaven works for you and me. The sunsets don't teach him anything, the mountains might as well never have been made, he doesn't go on his knees out of gratitude for the violets and saffrons of the dawn. Pshaw! a man may be a Christian without being an artist, but I'll defy him to know anything of Christianity without being an enthusiast."

"Are you sure that we are such very good Christians?" asked Emilia, satirically; "it seems to me that all the good we do is to enjoy ourselves, while the people we laugh at look after the poor, and help in Parliament, and build sanatoriums."

"You cannot be serious, Emilia."

"I am serious, Harold."

He pulled up his horse, and stooping forward put back the long white veil which floated like a cloud about her delicate pink cheeks.

It was a face of wondrous fairness and perfection of feature, and yet one could not call it beautiful. To Harold Gower it was the most beautiful face possible, but then we are not looking through his eyes, eyes cultivated to a proper perception of physical beauty doubtless, and yet blind to the quality of soul. It was just soul that Emilia's beauty needed. Boasting a superb complexion, large lovely gray eyes, just tinted with blue, like pigeon's feathers, full fresh lips, and an intractable mass of sparkling brown hair, who could help thanking her for her prettiness, and, in the first flush of pleasure, wishing it ever in sight? But, after a time, all women, and here and there some men, would grow to miss something, to criticise, and finally, to despise these rare gifts. And why? Because, however poor all of us may be in regard to that intellectuality which is but a step from moral nature, we cannot brook the need of it in others.

The painter dropped her veil, and spurred on his horse gayly.

"You are no more in earnest than you ever were," he said with a smile.

The lady spurred on her horse gayly too.

"I am in earnest," she said; "but that fact ought to please you. If I played with serious things, you might be certain that one day I should find the playful mood gone, but I treat serious things with proper respect, and then I know they can't turn upon me. In throwing aside everything but my love for you, I have played a wild game; had a wilder one been possible, I would still have played it."

"That is spoken like my brave little Emmy."

"I had need to be brave, since you are such a coward," she said, looking at him with a caressing smile. "Why, in Heaven's name, were women ever called the weaker sex, since we can do wrong and dare the consequences, but you, having done wrong, try to paint it and polish it into a pretence of right?"

"We have a stronger moral consciousness; that is all the difference," answered Gower, complacently; "but now let me cultivate your eye for beauty, and leave these matters to amuse us on a rainy day. Do you see those gigantic reeds waving against the blue sky? Looking up at them as we approach, their arrowy heads have a brown and burnished look like bronze spears; but turn on your saddle and look back from a little distance! The sun gives them the softness of butterflies' wings, and round every one is a halo of amber light. Would not the journey to Africa be well repaid by such a sight as this?"

His pale face flushed with enthusiasm, and Emilia's was childishly sympathetic.

"How pretty! how wonderful!" she cried, "though I should never have noticed it but for you. I am such a stupid little thing. Can't you make me clever, Harold? I should like to feel myself on a level with a clever man like you."

"You absurd child! As if you thought me one whit more clever than yourself," Gower answered, pleased with her remark, nevertheless. Then he went on to talk after thoroughly artistic fashion of the surrounding scenery, for awhile forgetting everything else.

The region through which they were passing was of superb aspect and color. A glory of wild flowers lay about their feet, a little river laughed and danced between glistening oleanders by their side, before and behind them rose mountain after mountain, making a rainbow of color from the deepest, gloomiest green, to the faintest, dreamiest violet, and over-head hung the gold and purple canopy of an African sky.

Nothing can express the utter solitude of the place. Now and then a Spahis, clad in scarlet trowsers, and armed to the teeth, galloped past, on a little Arab might be heard piping to his herds among the olive thickets close by, or a troop of French cantonniers were mending the road. But for hours they would journey on without encountering a living soul.

At mid-day, Emilia having pouted and declared herself to be starving, the horses were let loose and the saddle-bags were produced. Making a table of the gay turf under foot, they spread a little feast of bread, roast quails, bananas, dates, and wine.

"We may fairly call ourselves out of the world at last, Emmy," cried Gower, triumphantly. "If our dark-looking guide yonder were to murder us, who would be the wiser?"

Emilia looked a little aghast.

"Oh, Harold! you don't consider the Arabs a bad set, do you?"

"They do anything when not afraid of its being found out. And though we're not rich, the English are generally supposed to have purses worth picking," answered Gower, coolly.

"If there were really any danger, you oughtn't to tell me—and you wouldn't," she said, clinging to him.

"My darling; that Mohammed sitting among the horses, is just as likely to hurt you as I am—but I only speak indirectly. Such solitary places as these are always a little unsafe—all the more delightful, I say. Could we live in the common matter-of-fact world, you and I?"

"We couldn't if we would, and we wouldn't if we could," she said, half in jest and half in earnest.

"That is just the logic of the matter. If I tell my pictures well, I'll buy a bit of land out here and build a house on it."

"Oh! if you would! I don't want any more of the world, Harold. I am sick of friends and neighbors. I never wish to go to a ball or dress for the opera again. So long as you are with me I am happy."

He caught her hand passionately to his lips, and then they were content to talk of nothing but each other. On such and such a day they had despaired and wept; on another, they had said to themselves this or that. Now they were "out of the world" together, and could hardly believe in a reality so dream-like.

Their gayety would have been quite terrible, but for its sincerity and childishness. They ran races; they waded barefoot across the river-bed; they danced the Tarantula, singing; they vied with each other in discovering new follies and fancies. Lastly, she sat at his feet, panting, and he crowned her with wild flowers—the golden marigold, the pale pink asphodel, the crimson and purple vetch, the glorious white iris.

"They're better than any family diamonds," Emilia said, handling the gorgeous blossoms that lay in her lap. "However rich you become, Harold, never buy me jewels."

"As if I should ever become rich!" cried Gower.

"Some painters do."

"Of course, good luck must light upon some one. I shall go on painting to the end of the chapter because I can't help it, but I shall never get money, or reputation, or friends."

"And we don't want them, do we?"

"We want nothing but a handful of dates and an Arab's tent."

"And a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonnie brown hair!"

"Yes, I must insist upon your wearing blue in your hair, the combination of color is such a treat to the eyes. But now we ought to mount and make haste on our way."

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO LIVE LONG "OUT OF THE WORLD."

Just as the short, bright day of the African winter was closing in, the painter and his wife reached the caravansera where they intended to pass the night.

"We are out of the world with a vengeance, now!" cried Gower, looking to the right and to the left. "Did one ever dream or imagine a scene so solitary? How I like it!"

And again and again he looked round. Behind stretched the hills through which they had been journeying all day long, now melted and mellowed into one continuous tint of silvery gray. On either side rose gentle undulations, verdant with the tuya, the olive, and the tasseled tamarisk, whilst before them, looking distant as dreams, were the mountains not yet climbed. Belted with flowery turf, having the murmur of the river ever present, and lying in the heart of ever varying scenery, this little caravansera might well appeal to an artist's sympathies.

"I like it, too," said Emilia. "You will paint wonderful pictures: no one can possibly find us here. How happy we shall be!"

They were now at the portal, and having entered, Harold assisted his wife to alight. Naturally, the little community turned out to gaze on the strangers, for, excepting officers bound into the interior and very rare English travellers, the principal patrons of the caravansera were Arabs, cantonniers, and colonists. A stout, rosy-faced French woman, with three or four children pulling her apron, her somewhat rough-looking husband engaged in salting hyena skins, and an Arab stable-boy, surrounded the pretty young English lady and her companion—not with surprise, but with a certain quiet expression of amusement.

Emilia looked somewhat disconsolately at the small kitchens from which the landlady emerged.

"We mustn't be hungry here," she whispered to her husband, with a shrug of the shoulders; "and oh, Harold, I can't lie down in a stable, though I am ever so sleepy!"

They were conducted across the court, which was square and spacious, with stabling all round, and a handsome drinking-fountain in the midst, to one of the corner towers; there they found two not unpleasant rooms, the inner one fitted as a sleeping-apartment and having small windows like port-holes all round. Delighted to find a bed, Emilia curled herself up like a kitten, and in ten minutes was sound asleep. Gower unpacked his sketch-books, and sitting on the door-step, began to sketch. For though hardly an artist, in the highest sense of the word, he could never see a gorgeous bit of color, or a poetic incident, without longing to preserve it. Accordingly, no sooner had a couple of Arabs led up their camels to drink, and stood by wrapped in their white burnouses, like statues, than he rejoiced in the happy suggestion of Eastern life, that appealed so entirely to all artistic sympathies.

By the time Emilia awoke, night and silence, such as we Europeans have no idea of, fell over the little oasis. But neither night nor silence were dreary, for the hostess brought lights in plenty, and the host served a feast of wild boar steaks and roast plovers, with a plentiful garnish of marvellous adventure. Fire, slaughter, and rapine—what outrages had not the Arabs committed only a year or two back. But the French had them now—the *bon Dieu* be thanked for it!

When the good man had withdrawn, and the dinner had come to an end, Harold made Emilia look at his sketch, stroke by stroke. It was preposterous, he said, that an artist's wife should understand nothing of painting, especially as she professed such faith in his genius. Whereupon Emilia yawned in a delightfully childlike way, declared that she loved painting only because "he did it," and finally submitted to a

lesson in art-criticism in the prettiest, most provoking humor imaginable.

She was a mere child, this Emilia—more ignorant than a child in some things, and yet so original, so clever, so bewitchingly caustic when the mood seized her, that a woman far more gifted in every way might have lost by comparison. And she was so simply, utterly true to herself, never affecting a humor, much less a thought, she did not feel, never falsifying her opinions, the opinions of others, or her position in the world.

To a man like Harold Gower, who had lived much in the world, especially the world of women, the study of so fresh a nature could but be enchanting. It was all the more enchanting because he found himself ever learning something new and something wholly unexpected. He had never known any one at all like her before, and for the first time he was really loved. No wonder that his morbid, dissatisfied life broke into blossom under such a spell, and that he grew daily more genial and generous.

Finding the scenery and the solitude of the caravanseera so attractive, they rested there for several days. At early dawn the painter was on the hills, eager, as only painters can be eager, to see an effect of mist here, a sunrise there, a cool, gray light upon the mountains, or a breaking shower-cloud upon the plain. A fever of enthusiasm had seized him—a fever that metamorphosed him, bodily as well as mentally, making him young, and gay, and gracious. He criticised the work of others charitably; he viewed his own works with content. He ceased to criticise Nature; not wishing himself in Italy, among the Alps, or on the Nile—happy to be in Africa, and yet not meanly triumphant over the treasure trove of charming scenery he had found there. Certainly, there was something miraculous in the love of a woman, he said to himself again and again. What was I a year ago? A forlorn wretch—contemptuous, and contemptible. What am I now? Some one for the richest and most famous to envy—even if I never do great things, though they seem possible. And Emilia: who can doubt that she was sipping the honey she loved. It was not new to her to be loved, but the passionate concentration and reckless fervor of Harold's love was the realization of her one dream. To her it seemed a natural, although a terrible thing to have followed him to the end of the world, in spite of an earlier tie. She had done a terrible thing—a thing that frightened her from saying her prayers—that would have made solitude insupportable, and the thought of dying not to be borne. But she was never alone; it was easy to drive away dreary thought, and she would not have undone the deed for worlds. Her eyes were by no means glamoured as to Gower's character. Swift and straight her womanly understanding had spelled it from the first. She knew that he had not a wholly noble nature, that his love for herself was its chief, nay, its only nobility; but this fact made her only proud and joyful. The other love, the love she had trampled under foot and cast from her, was linked with perfections, subdued by other emotions, subjected to other duties, and therefore she despised it.

They were intensely happy, or rather they cultivated the faculty of enjoyment to the utmost. How could a cloud of *ennui* arise above their horizon when Emilia's moods were more changeful than the clouds, and Harold worshipped every one of them?

Sometimes she would take his rough head between her little palms and shrug her shoulders with an affectation of horror.

"How ugly you are, my darling, and yet I should go mad if you ceased to care for me. What a tawny skin, what a shaggy beard, what heavy, thundering brows. You *are* ugly, arn't you, Harold?"

Another time she would quarrel with him in this wise:

"Harold, you shouldn't play the by-points and speak as if we two were good people. You know how I hate it."

One day she said:—

"Don't flatter yourself, Harold, that we are to live in a *haze de miel* all the days of our life. We shall always love each other to the end of the chapter, but as we are not of the angels it is only fair to expect storms and squabbles now and then."

Whereupon Harold answered that he hated storms and squabbles, and that he felt sure it would be a *haze de miel* all the days of their lives.

"You are such an unreasonable little thing," he added, "you grow discontented at finding yourself so happy."

"No," she said, "it is you who are unreasonable. You get absorbed over your painting, and forget that there is anything else in the world—excepting a foolish little Emilia."

"There is nothing else in my world," he said, attempting to draw her to him.

"Nonsense. Why should we expect to be better treated by Providence than our betters? We cannot always live out of the world, you know, Harold, and we must not expect people to put us much when they know all."

"Emilia!"

"Harold, listen, murder will out. If we settled ourselves at Timbuctoo, we should find somebody there whose face would preach penitence to us. I know what it is to have a conscience, if you don't."

"But, my dearest, why talk of disagreeable possibilities, impossibilities I might say? We are not going to settle at Timbuctoo, certainly, but we purpose a deliciously vagrant life of travel, and with such, what preachings can interfere?"

He went on to paint a rainbow-colored future, and she listened much as children listen to fairy tales. When he had done she opened her large wonderful eyes with a mixed expression of joy and incredulity.

"And if we fall in with cross-grained old kites who fly at the poor little birdie, will you drive them off and be very kind?"

"Emmy, tell me in plain words I am a coward, or have done."

"You are not a coward," she said, hiding her flushed cheeks in his breast, "an angel rather, and as you stand by me, I *will* stand by you till I die. But I cannot forget—"

He forced the pretty head rather rudely from its resting-place, and looked down on it frowning.

"Why do you try me after this fashion?" he muttered, impatiently. She went on with passion:—

"I cannot forget that I was a woman once, and that I am something lower now. Oh! Harold, tell me again and again that you love me better for having so sinned. I never wholly believe it!"

He grew very grave and gentle then, and kneeling beside her poured out as burning a love story as ever lady listened to. Soon Emilia's tears ceased to flow, the flush died away from her cheeks, and she clung to him, caressed and caressing.

"You so seldom take things seriously," he said, "or I should before have proved to you how much better and loftier you have made my life—"

"Loftier. Oh, Harold!"

"Aye, loftier. Till I knew you I doubted and disputed about everything. What I painted was worth nothing, because I held myself to be worth nothing. Now I am doing good work, and if you understood art in the least degree you would be proud to feel how much I owe you."

He was so grave that she felt bound to be gay.

"And now let us run out and play. I hate serious talk, I don't want to be lectured to upon art. If you painted the best pictures ever seen in the world I shouldn't love you one whit more, and perhaps you'd grow conceited and run away."

The artist had spoken truly. Strange as it may seem, the very passion by which his moral nature was abased, elevated and enlarged his artistic faculty. Nothing would have made him capable of great things; but the consummation of a happy love was developing his capabilities to the utmost. He no longer copied Nature coldly, but he interpreted her, bringing to the work thoughts ever changeful and ever tender, fancies fairer and freer than the dreams of poets. No wonder that he said to the day, "Stay, for thou art fair." No wonder that he took little discredit to himself, rather the reverse, for having done evil that good might come, and harvested his golden sheaves joyfully, never counting how many were left on the field.

On the eve of their departure from the caravanseera a little cavalcade arrived from Algiers, bound to the military station of Teniet-el-Haad. The party consisted of an elderly French officer, his pretty young wife, their three children, a French nurse, and an Arab man-servant of all work. There being only two rooms at the disposal of the hostess, she explained that the only alternative was to divide her guests into squadrons, the ladies occupying one, the men the other. Emilia consented to this arrangement with no very good grace; she hated being in the room with babies at night, she said, they were always either hungry, or cutting teeth, or making themselves disagreeable; her ill-humor soon melted, however, under the influence of the little French lady, Madame Challamel. Emilia was one of those women who love pretty eyes, pretty toilettes, and pretty ways in another without any jealousy whatever, and Madame Challamel possessed, in addition to these attractions, a *naïveté* of character perfectly charming. She talked to Emilia as if she had known her for years, descanted pathetically on the lonely life she was about to recommence at Teniet, on the liveliness and society she had left behind at Algiers, and on the discomforts and difficulties of keeping house in Africa. She interested herself in Madame Gower too, was enchanted to hear that she was also bound to the fort, promised to ride with her and walk with her when Monsieur was busy painting, and added, sighing, "But then you will go away, and I shall be even duller than if you had never come."

"We may stay out here some time," Emilia said, "Harold—Monsieur Gower likes solitary places so much, and there are lots of things for him to paint."

"Mon Dieu! yes, and perhaps other English may come down before long; it is not so very unusual during this time of the year."

"But we are not hungering and thirsting for a sight of our country-people," Emilia answered a little impatiently. "It is pleasant to get away from them sometimes."

"Ah! I forgot. You are making your *luze de miel*," answered Madame Challamel; whereupon Emilia colored, and was silent.

The night brought an infinity of trials to poor Emilia. In the first place Monsieur Charles chose to cry for cakes, and as none were to be had, went on crying. In the second, Mademoiselle Marie had eaten stewed plums to an unjustifiable extent at dinner-time, and was attacked with sickness and spasms. In the third, the baby proved a most insatiable baby, accompanying each meal with a very obstreperous grace indeed. Madame Challamel and the nurse-maid took all these things very much as a matter of course, waking up when wanted, and sleeping profoundly as soon as a lull came; whilst Emilia worked herself into quite a fever of impatience, and rose at sunrise, having never closed her eyes at all.

An hour or two later Harold found her sitting beside a little spring outside the walls of the caravanseera, her hair tossed disconsolately about her shoulders, her toilette uncared-for, her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried, "I haven't had any sleep, on account of those crying children, and my head aches so. If we have any children, you must sell plenty of pictures and get a big house with a nursery built almost as high as the clouds, or I shall pray for a massacre of the innocents."

He sat down beside her, and in a very short time had soothed away the vexation, of which he was, however, far from guessing the real cause.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Nile.

Mr. R. Dunn, correspondent of the Morning Star, in a letter from Suez, thus speaks of the most wonderful river in the world—the Nile:

The great natural curiosity of Egypt, and that which not only distinguishes it from other countries, but is the cause of all its other peculiarities, is the wonderful Nile. The immense quantity of water necessary to cause the continued rise of a river with a good strong current, from June to October, until its channel, ordinarily from half to one and a half miles wide, is widened to from five to fifty miles in width, is astonishing, and almost sufficient still to stimulate the belief that some divine agency, rather than the rains of Abyssinia, must be the cause. And this appears still more strange when it is remembered that not a single spring or branch of any kind enters it within one thousand miles of its mouth. It is strange, indeed, that in so hot a climate and so vast an extent, the volume of water is not diminished by absorption and evaporation; and perhaps the facts that the waters seem to extend through the entire valley upon the same level with the Nile can alone explain this continued fullness. The sands from the deserts, which bound this valley upon either side, seem to be constantly crowding upon the fertile soil, and the deposits of the river, which have raised its bed and banks about fifteen feet within three thousand six hundred years, are crowding in upon the deserts, and thus, as elsewhere in nature, antagonism maintains the equilibrium.

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Bright flag at yonder, tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And longed, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
You clouded line, come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
O, what has changed that traveller-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind, his weary heart speeds home.

Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven;
Those forms of beauty, seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
O, still the enamoured sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever;
And, could I live for this alone,
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slave's can be;
Held not the West one glorious star,
New-born and blazing for the free,
Soared not to heaven our eagle yet,
Rome, with her helot sons, should teach me to forget.

Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And, though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore;
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair,
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light,
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to *her!*
He comes to shore who sails with me!
The wind-tossed spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze:
And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak,
When first our tears will let us see,
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had;
For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
But there's a change, beloved mother,
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
I come—but with me comes another,
To share the heart once only mine!
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in memory's heaven;
Thou, who hast watched *one* treasure only,
Watered *one* flower with tears at even:
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darkened to make light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers;
She was their light, their very air—
Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer!

The Elephant as a Walker.

We have generally found two curious points overlooked or ignored by writers. One is the rapid and noiseless movements of this animal in the thickest cover; the other, his capabilities of passing over ground for him apparently unfeasible. The elastic, noiseless footfall of the elephant has been frequently referred to by writers on Indian subjects, and has been rightly asserted to be the most agreeable feature in journeying on elephant back. This peculiarity may be easily explained by an examination of the structure of the animal's foot; but the silent, stealthy way in which he will pass through the densest thicket, literally "slipping away," when his acute sense of smell or hearing warn him of danger, has been generally overlooked, and appears to us somewhat difficult of explanation. Let any one unskilled in the mysteries of "bush-ranging" attempt to move even a few paces in an ordinary fox covert without noise, and he will form some idea of the difficulties presented to the passage of so huge an animal as the elephant through the dense, tangled undergrowth of a South African "bush." Yet that the animal, despite his enormous bulk, will "draw off," when within a few yards of his pursuer, without the slightest noise, and with the greatest rapidity, even in the thickest cover, is undeniable. Again, his powers of passing over difficult ground are often underrated even by hunters. When experiments were first made in India in training elephants to draw the gun, it was observed with surprise that the animal's power of ascending steep and rugged ground was far greater than had been anticipated. The gun, a light six-pounder, with which the trial was first made, was drawn up a slope so steep as to require the animal to crawl upon its fore knees, which it did without hesitation. On the other hand, hampered by the gun and harness, the elephant (a small female) showed unusual dread of soft and swampy ground.

☞ On some railroads it is customary to have a look on the stove to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out!"

HEARTS ERRANT.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

The last chapter of a novel is apt to be like the first column of the *Times*—events are there massed together—everybody is accounted for; the author, in the exercise of his autocratic power, dispenses rewards and punishments, and fondly apportions his parting gifts to the favorite children of his fancy. So we now, from a retrospective view of five years. Lady Arthur died at Pau, just after Christmas—five years ago, remember. I know that, to be satisfactory, I ought to say that under the influence of the two good women who sought to soothe her death-bed, she became converted and died happy. But I cannot. Vanity, and selfishness, and self-will indulged and fostered for a life-time had scooped out all the good in her, so that *there was nothing left to convert.* Do I seem to limit the Almighty power which saved the thief upon the cross? God forbid! But we have no right to count upon a miracle. We break up the earth with plough and pickaxe, we mould it gradually to our purposes with harrow and spade and rake, we wait for the early and the latter rain and the gentle dews of heaven, we do not look for an earthquake to form the furrows and prepare the ground. And so the Great Husbandman deals with the hard ground of our hearts—if we will let Him. He drops upon it the softening dews of brotherly kindness; He breaks it up by the alternate dispensations of prosperity and adversity; He puts a little child into our arms, or He takes one out of them and hides it in heaven, that our astray hearts may seek it there, and thus be wiled home. And if we slight all the ways and means of Providence, and pass by with careless eyes all the turning-points, and harden ourselves against all His instruments, how can it be but that, when the dread flat of Death goes forth, it finds us who *would* be "unrighteous, unrighteous still?"

So Lady Arthur died, and was buried in a foreign grave. And then the spring came—at least it came twice to our friends, an early spring in the genial south, and by-and-by a green and sunny spring at Chadleigh—a spring meet for the bridal it was to witness, when Sir Walter's hill hung out its tasselled banners of green, and the beeches woke again as they had gone to sleep—rosy as a dreaming child—and every purple wood was filled with fragrance, and every hedgerow stood, like a bride, arrayed in virgin white.

It was a great festival for Chadleigh when the old hall, which had been shut up for so long, was opened again, and Miss Hetty, who went for so much in Chadleigh history, came back again to her village home, and in the excitement of the wedding preparations and the wedding gaieties the uncomfortable story of last summer faded quite out from everybody's mind.

It was a quiet wedding, as far as the usual routine of fashionable weddings goes, but it was a very gay wedding to the village who crowded the little church, and pronounced the bride "as sweet a young lady as you would wish to see," and were afterwards feasted and *feted* in the wide park to their heart's content. Mr. Julius performed the marriage ceremony without any assistance whatever, but with, it may be, some hindrance in the shape of Cissy, who, looking surpassingly pretty in her bridesmaid finery, did, as was remarked, cause the young clergyman's eyes to wander incontinently from the duty before him. (Mr. Julius still occupied the parsonage alone, Mr. and Mrs. Helmby having decreed that a twelvemonth's engagement was necessary to Cissy's extreme youth.) The duke came down to give the bride away, and the duchess came with him. Theo had become Lady Homfray in the autumn before. The good duke had received the news of Claris's strategic movement with some bewilderment, and, on the whole, with considerable satisfaction. There was no murder—horrid thing that would have been for the family! There was only an elopement. Everything had come right in the end, and everybody was satisfied—everybody concerned, that was. The duchess was put out certainly, and Theo set up her lip, but what did it matter? What was the use of making a fuss? Gerald would have a very nice little wife, and the other fellow had got what he deserved—what the country owed him. It seemed a shame to send that fine creature Claris out to such a low set as his aristocratic and exclusive prejudices made him conclude colonists must necessarily be; it was a pity to waste so much sweetness on almost desert air, but he supposed she would come back again some day, and shine in society (i. e., *London* society); and he believed the climate out there was rather favorable than otherwise to female beauty, and he might let the centre head in his "Loves of the Angels" wait until then. Of course there were no artists or even a decent photographer out there, from whom he could attempt to copy. The duchess said he had been a dupe. Likely enough, the duke thought, but he did not pretend to understand the matter at all. He had an uneasy consciousness that something had been said in those letters from Claris which he had destroyed; but then he could not be sure. He had been an idiot, perhaps, and misunderstood the thing all along. It was easy for two people to play at cross-purposes, and especially easy for a man hampered by public business and occupied as he had been at the time, to take a mistaken view of a thing. More especially, too, in a delicate affair of this kind, where the lady would naturally be chary of speaking out and putting her wishes into plain language.

He must say, though, that the whole thing had been cleverly managed, very cleverly managed. He always thought that minx Claris was a woman of parts, and so she had proved herself. Of course that absurd murder report was a blunder and a nuisance, and the duchess was annoyed at it. But, tush! it was a nine days' wonder—a nine days' wonder, and they could all afford to laugh at it now. Gerald was a wise fellow; he had consoled himself with the other sister, a very nice little girl, as the duke emphatically repeated, and let those laugh who win. This one was a co-heiress, and Lady Arthur was dying, poor thing! And Gerald's prospects, although he *had* declined that secretaryship at Vienna, were very fair. The duke had a happy knack of looking always on the bright side of things. He wrote Claris his hearty congratulations, and only shrugged his shoulders when the duchess refused to add a postscript. And then he rode down to Storr and Mortimer's, and selected a couple of diamond rings for wedding presents, directing the one to be forwarded to New Zealand, and reserving the other for that ceremony at which he assisted in the spring.

Mr. Hallsham—let us touch lightly upon his discomfiture. The malicious of the neighborhood *do* say that the happy finale of the "Armytage Tragedy" cost the indefatigable magistrate a fit of the gout. Certain it is that he retired from the commission of the peace, and spent the six months which followed his defeat upon the Continent, where, as he was perfectly unacquainted with the various languages of the countries he sojourned in, and was, moreover, exceedingly irritated at discovering that everybody he met with did not, as a matter of course, understand his "plain English," he passed for an English milor, afflicted with his national disorder the *spleen*, and as such was attended with good-natured subservience by French *garçons* and Swiss *filles de chambre*.

As for Mr. Farrit, if he, as well as Mr. Hallsham, would rather have found a "body" than the governor's lady at the Antipodes, well, human nature is human nature still, and the flesh is weak. It was only unfortunate that Mr. Hallsham's discomfiture was beyond the reach of that fifty-pound-note which solaced the detective's failure.

Miss Perks recovered from her fainting fit in due course. Afterwards she put on a black gown, and accounted for it by saying that she had lost "a friend." Her fellow-servants, among whom she had to spend a brief time of preparation for the southern sojourn of her mistresses, pulled this black gown (metaphorically) to pieces, examined its texture, commented upon the depth of its crape trimming, and decided that Perks had lost some very near and dear friend.

"It's queer how close she keeps everything," remarked Emma, one of the under-housemaids. "If it's her mother that's dead, why doesn't she say so, like anybody else?—it can't be no less with all that crape on her skirts and sleeves. I never heard her say she had a mother or a father either for the matter of that, did you?"

To which her companion replied in the negative, and a general comparing of notes all round the kitchen conclave proved that Miss Perks had been singularly uncommunicative with respect to her family circumstances.

In a much more friendly spirit, and, moreover, in a spirit of considerable remorse for the mistaken suspicions she had once entertained of her, Mrs. Gaythorn offered the lady's-maid her sympathy and sought her confidence.

"Was it a long illness?" asked the housekeeper, she and Perks being busied together in turning out wardrobes and packing trunks.

"Whose?" interrogated Perks, quietly folding the dress she had just taken out.

"Your friend's," sympathetically replied Mrs. Gaythorn.

"No, not very long," rejoined Perks, turning her back upon the housekeeper to arrange the bottom of the trunk.

"They hadn't time to send for you, I daresay; that makes it hard for you, too," plaintively suggested Mrs. Gaythorn. "It's a satisfaction to see the last of our friends."

"When a person's in service she isn't her own mistress to come and to go when she likes," Perks remarked evasively.

"But Miss Armytage would never have made any difficulty about your going at once," said the housekeeper: "especially to your own mother, as I suppose it was by your mourning."

"Miss Olive was ill, and—and it was too late when I heard," Perks replied, forced into some sort of explanation. "Will you be good enough to reach me that muslin, Mrs. Gaythorn?"

And Mrs. Gaythorn, wondering a little, was forced to conclude that there were some circumstances in the case too painful for Perks to discuss, and therefore that it would be better not to obtrude her friendly sympathy further.

Perks wore her black gown a year, and then she put it off one morning and put on instead a dark gray silk dress—Miss Ursula's gift—in which she went to Chadleigh Church and came back Mrs. Jervis, to take possession, in right of that title, of the rural "public" which Mr. Jervis had once described in such tempting terms. But before all this came to pass, just after Olive's wedding in the spring, Perks had asked for a holiday—an unprecedented request which caused as great a stir of curiosity in the servants' hall as the donning of her black gown had done. And the use Perks made of this holiday was to take a journey down to the Kentish coast, and to walk in, in the twilight of a spring evening, upon a fine, placid-countenanced woman, who sat at her cottage window, in the outskirts of a little town thereabouts, straining her eyes to catch the last fading remnant of light for her job of needlework.

"And so you belong to *him*," Mrs. Stanway uttered with a sigh, in the pause that succeeded a long colloquy she had held with her visitor. "Poor creature! he died very lonely; and to think that he should have been worried at the last by that police spy! I can't abide to think of it. Bobby 'll like to see you, ma'am; he was so fond of *him*, and he hasn't never forgot him. I never did see such a child—he does remember things so. I'm sure I wished enough, at one time, it was easier to him to forget, when he was ill after your—your—I didn't notice what relation you said, ma'am."

Perks murmured something which Mrs. Stanway did not catch.

"Bobby took on so after he died—he saw him at the last, you know—that it brought on an illness, and he used to start up in his sleep and call out for months after. *He* was very good to Bobby. They'll be in soon, Bobby and his father, if you'll stop; they're gone to Langhurst Fair, and they said they should be sure to be back by dusk. The police took possession of all the property, even to the clothes, ma'am. I heard that they found some money—bank-notes, I believe, but I don't know. I never went prying about his things, poor man! whilst he was with me, and he kept everything very close, and always slept with the bundle under his head that he brought with him. The neighbors talked a deal—you know how people do talk—so unkind; but I didn't care; I did my best for him, and I should do it again if it was to happen a second time. And he was very good to Bobby."

"He didn't ever ask you to write to—anybody?" Perks asked presently, in a hesitating voice.

"Oh, no, never, else I should ha' done it and been glad to. When I first found how ill he was getting I asked him if he hadn't any friends he would like to know where he was, and that he was laid up, but he said no. Perhaps, ma'am, he thought you was a long way off, and he thought he should get well again, and so didn't like to give you the trouble and expense of coming."

Bobby came in presently, carried upon his father's shoulder, his little strength having broken down the last part of the way. He look-

ed askance at the stranger—poor Bobby had been more than ever suspicious of strangers since that last unlucky experience of his—and took refuge behind his mother's skirts. Perke made no effort to entice him thence; she had no winning, coaxing ways to draw children to her; her life had begun with a stern reality which had nipped and chilled all the flowers of manner, and made her grave and serious alike to all.

"Do you think you could tell me of some quiet place where I could have a bed for to-night?" she asked presently of Mrs. Stanway. "I am a stranger in the town, you know." Mrs. Stanway looked over at her husband, and receiving an encouraging nod, spoke out.

"If you will accept one with us, we've got a spare room—yes, and two for the matter of that. We have lodgers sometimes, but not now."

The offer was gladly accepted. Next day, as Mrs. Stanway turned away from the house door at which she had been standing, from a certain instinct of hospitality, to watch the retreating figure of her late visitor on its way to the railway-station outside the town, she (Mrs. Stanway) espied a little packet upon the chimney-piece. It contained five sovereigns wrapped in white paper, upon which was written "A keepsake for Bobby."

"Dear me!" says Mrs. Stanway, her face all aglow with pleasure and surprise as she turned the gold pieces over and over again in the palm of her hand, "who ever would ha' thought it? She looked quite the lady, though, and all her things was beautiful. I wonder what relation they was; she didn't say. His sister, p'r'aps. I did think I saw something of a likeness once or twice when she was talking."

And she and her husband put the five sovereigns into the savings'-bank the same day, to swell the hoard which was slowly accumulating there to bind Bobby apprentice some day to a tailor or shoemaker.

"If he should ever live to want it," his mother would say with a sigh. "He won't ever be fit for hard work, and he must do something for a living; his father and me won't live for ever."

Miss Isabel Bohun contrived to beckon her statuesque Pole on as far as London, and there she permitted him to invest her with the sounding title of countess. It has turned out better than such foreign ventures generally do. Isabel carries him about in triumph, and as he is tall and dark and supremely interesting in appearance, he makes a very successful tame lion at evening parties. He is an amiable and harmless animal in himself, and much better behaved than most tame lions. Melancholy he is from temperament, and also from a sense of patriotic duty, but he loves and admires his English wife, and is sufficiently grateful for the moderate competence with which she has redeemed his ruined fortunes.

Jessie Bohun is still unmarried. She laughs a good deal at Isabel's count, and she pays rounds of country visits, and frequents horticultural season *fêtes* and Academy exhibitions, and every amusement everywhere, and she grows year by year louder and coarser, as women of her stamp—unmarried—are apt to do. She keeps up a regular correspondence with Claris, and she tells Isabel that by-and-bye she shall emigrate to New Zealand, and perhaps pick up an eligible aide-de-camp out there. "Which, at least, will be as desirable, and a great deal more *national* than a foreign count," she adds.

Everybody supposed, of course, that upon Lady Arthur's death Captain Thynne would establish himself at Hazelrigge; but he could not make the home of his married happiness in that dreary house which was so painfully associated with his boyish and youthful memories. And the discussion of plans brought out all poor Miss Ursula's concealed dreads of loneliness, and finally settled the abode of the young couple at Armytage Park with her. Gerald is her steward and agent and general manager, and she declares that without him her estate and herself would have been utterly ruined along ago. No fear of a lonely old age for Miss Ursula now. That terrace which had been more than once the scene of our story rings with children's voices, and is the playground of a whole generation. Hilda Conroy is often to be seen there tossing a baby-girl in her arms, or running unequal races with sturdy four-year-old boys; she declares it does her good to be among the little ones, that it rubs off the rust of worldliness and makes her young again; and Olive, who is the fondest mother in the world, believes it, and actually credits her darlings with all the improvement Gerald and she are constantly remarking in Hilda. Hilda believes herself to be settled down into old-maidism (she is twenty-three), and declares she is sick of weddings, and has never been to one since Gwendoline married Lord Cawdor. We ought to have noted in another place that Hilda officiated as bridesmaid to Olive, and announced afterwards that she (Hilda) had made the match.

"Deny it if you can," she challenged Gerald—"was I not the first to tell you she was exactly suited to you?"

Which, on consideration, Captain Thynne found he could not deny.

The children on the terrace are not, by any means, all Thynnes. There is a bevy of little beauties from the parsonage almost always there, and very often a sweet girl-matron at their head, sitting as of old upon the stone steps, and marking little white garments with deft and diligent fingers. There is a handsome Saxon-haired boy there too, with large, well-opened blue eyes and a bold, fearless bearing. And if you ask his name the little lad tells you, with a straightening of his sturdy little figure—

"I am Ronald St. Maur—my father is a governor, and my mother is a beautiful lady. I've got her portrait in there," pointing to the house. "She sent me to England to see my aunt Ursula, and to be her boy."

And perhaps a stranger would not understand the policy of Claris as well as we, who have traced her history, do, looking round, too, upon that group of loving young things who are so eager to cluster about Miss Ursula's footsteps, and to hold out their tiny arms towards her, the moment she appears among them. Perhaps, dearly as she loves them all, there is none in all the pretty band dearer to her than bold Ronald, who has thus marched in upon her love and taken it by storm.

Mrs. Deeke comes sometimes to Armytage, and with her Reginald. There are changes in Reginald. He has come to the dignity of whiskers and moustache, and has gained almost a foot in height since we saw him last. And he has quite grown out of that heart-weakness which made him draw his breath so tightly upon the Swiss mountains. There is a little elfin creature at Armytage, with soft, velvety eyes, brown and large, looking out of the flowing wilderness of golden hair, and strewn beautiful by the contrast. And Reginald lifts this little graceful mass of muslin and embroidery upon his knee, and tells it funny goblin stories, and sings German songs to it, whilst the creature holds by his watch-chain, and demands with pretty tyranny "another" and "another." Reginald calls the pretty elf his wife, and he says to the mamma, who is watching the two with a smiling face—

"Mrs. Thynne, if ever I marry, this is to be my wife. May I ask her in—let me see—ten years?"

This with a seriousness which makes Olive laugh.

"Don't laugh," he says; "I am in earnest, I assure you."

"Lily will look upon you as quite an old man ten years hence," the mother replies, still laughing; "and besides, Mr. Deeke, I don't mean my daughters to marry early; you would be tired of waiting for one of them."

"Then you absolutely refuse me?"

"Absolutely."

"It is too bad of you, Mrs. Thynne, but, in that case, the sooner I put this bewitching little morsel of humanity out of my thoughts the better. Go away, Lily." And he sets the small fairy down on the ground.

But Fairy doesn't choose to be sent away; she comes back and clasps his knees; repulsed, she utters shriek after shriek of anger and disappointment, until Reginald is fain to take her back into his arms, and soothe her by his caresses.

"You see how it is, Mrs. Thynne. You could not be so cruel as to separate us."

Olive shakes her head. The truth is, in that match-making development which is sure to come to happy matrons, she has been making plans for Reginald which she is not disposed to set aside—much as she likes him—in favor of her little daughter. She tries, exercising all her feminine art in the attempt, to make him understand these plans, and, failing of hints and innendos, tells him pretty plainly one day what she considers would be a most happy fate for him.

"Hilda!" says Reginald, whistling—figuratively (of course his respect for Mrs. Thynne forbids the more demonstrative edition)—"Miss Conroy! Dear Mrs. Thynne—"

"Well?" says Mrs. Thynne. She had marked the unguarded utterance of the Christian name, and she drew auguries therefrom.—"Well?"

"Miss Conroy is as far above my aspirations—as—"

"As Lily—poor little baby—is below them," Mrs. Thynne concluded for him, watching him out of the corner of her eye as she stabbed little holes in a strip of muslin with a mother-of-pearl stiletto.

Reginald knocked over Mrs. Thynne's work-basket—accidentally we are bound to believe—and then busied himself with contrite diligence in picking up the scattered contents. Mrs. Thynne held herself silent, and let the charm work.

"But Miss Conroy"—he exclaimed presently—"she is so handsome."

"Lily *might* grow up handsome," retorted Olive.

"And so clever."

"I hope Lily won't be stupid."

"And so—so brilliant—so entirely beyond me altogether."

"She is worth trying for," Mrs. Thynne returns quietly.

And then the object of this conspiracy walked into the room, and there was an end to the conversation.

It has not been resumed up to this point, but there is nothing like planting an idea; as Hilda once said, "It grows of itself." And I should judge that this one is taking root. Reginald plays with Lily still, it is true, but he looks at Hilda all the time, as Olive perceives and smiles to herself. And Hilda? She quarrels with Reginald—carries on a wordy war, which, like a serial tale, is always ready to be taken up again; but she blushes when he comes into the room, and when she meets his eye sometimes fixed upon her, under shelter of Lily's flaxen locks, and altogether Mrs. Thynne is beginning to take a triumphant view of the matter.

THE END.

A New Cure for Consumption.

Every one is interested in hearing of any discovery that proposes to mitigate or cure the curse of all temperate climates—consumption. M. Baleguer addresses a communication to M. Piorry, in *Le Courrier Medical*, describing the properties of a new oil, that seems endowed with a marvellous facility for traversing animal membranes. If a few drops are poured into the palm of the hand, and the palm rubbed with a finger, the oil is soon seen oozing through the back of the hand. The same experiment tried on the fore-arm produces the same result. When the oil is saturated by a foreign substance it loses none of this remarkable power for absorption, and can therefore serve as a vehicle par excellence for the administration of drugs. The experiment has been tried with copaiba and with iodine, and with very satisfactory results. When the oil, saturated with iodine, was rubbed upon the palm of the hand, and the back of the hand wiped with a piece of muslin, the muslin was tinged violet. M. Baleguer believes that the efficacy of iodine, if administered in this oil, would be so immensely increased, that a rational hope might be entertained of its power to arrest tuberculization in the lungs and prevent hæmorrhage. Among the patients upon whom he has tried this method, in the first stages of consumption, he has found the physical signs of tubercular deposit diminish, the respiration become freer, *embonpoint* succeed to emaciation, and a general feeling of well being to which the unfortunates had long been unaccustomed, began to establish itself.

M. Baleguer conceals the name of this wonderful oil, but he invites M. Piorry to experiment upon it, and offers him his assistance in the further elucidation of its characteristics.

☞ Mr. Jones, aged seventy years, recently married a young girl in Schoharie Co., N. Y., went to Albany on his wedding tour, fell down stairs at his hotel, made his will, and let her go forth a rich widow who came in a wedded attendant to an infirm old man. But, girls, such accidents do not always happen under like circumstances.

☞ The Italian Parliament has formally abolished capital punishment throughout the kingdom of Italy. The experiment has never before been tried upon so large a scale, and the results of the abolition of the death penalty upon the thirty odd million subjects of Victor Emmanuel, will have a great effect upon the opinion of the world.

Between Two Fires.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It has been found by observation that, as we descend in a deep mine, the temperature increases. It appears that below a certain point the heat of summer and the cold of winter do not penetrate, but one temperature prevails from year to year. Below this point, the temperature constantly rises as we descend as much as one degree of the thermometer in sixty feet; while at a depth of about ten thousand feet, it is calculated that the heat would be equal to that of boiling water. Hot springs and volcanoes prove in the same way that there is great heat in the interior of our globe; but the strongest proof arises from the quantity of matter therein. This can be, and has been, measured with the greatest accuracy by means of the pendulum and other contrivances. It is found that the amount of matter in the earth is about twice as much as would be in a solid globe of granite of the same size—of granite such as we find at the surface of the earth.

A piece of granite appears at first sight to be amongst the hardest substances we meet with. If, however, we take a small sphere of granite, and strike it violently against a blackened anvil, we shall find that on the sphere of granite there will not merely be a black dot, marking the point where the sphere met the anvil, but a small black circular mark, showing that the round granite ball had flattened itself against the anvil. Thus we see that the force of the blow has compressed the granite; and if that force had been continued, the granite would have remained in smaller compass. Now, when we consider the enormous pressure there will be on the interior parts of our globe, owing to the weight of the upper parts, it is easy to see that, even if of granite (and we have reason to believe that granite is the chief material), they will be pressed into much smaller space than they would occupy on the surface: so the amount of matter in a cubic foot at the centre of our globe will be many times as great as in a cubic foot at the surface. Now, we know the size of our globe, and calculating how the weight of each part compresses that which is below it, we find that the amount of matter in our globe will be much more than twice that in a sphere of granite of the same size. There must, then, be something which prevents the interior parts being condensed so much as they otherwise would be, by the pressure upon them. Now, the only power that we know which could effect this is heat; and a sufficient heat, by its tendency to expand, would sufficiently counteract the compression produced by the superincumbent weight. We are thus led to believe that the interior of our globe is at a very high temperature.

From what we have said, it is plain that at no very great depth the heat must be sufficient to melt the hardest rock. Here we are met with a difficulty. It has been shown from researches on the precession of the equinoxes that the solid crust of the earth must be several hundred miles thick—not far short, possibly, of a thousand miles. The solution of the difficulty, however, is this. If we heat water in the open air, we find that we cannot raise it to a higher temperature than 212 degrees, as it then passes away in steam. If, however, we place it in a strong closed vessel, we may heat it to a much higher temperature, and it will still retain its fluid form. Thus, at no great depth below the surface of the earth, the rocks are at such a temperature that they would be in a fluid state if the pressure were only that of the atmosphere, but the great pressure of the rocks above keeps them in a solid state. If, as in a volcano, any outlet be given to them, they immediately liquify and flow forth; just as the water heated in the closed vessel will explode into steam when the vessel is broken.

Thus, by the pressure, the crust of the earth is kept solid to a great depth. We can easily see that it must be so, from the existence of such masses as the Himalaya and the Andes, which, were the solid crust of the earth of a comparatively trifling thickness, would sink through it, as one sinks through the moss that covers the mountain bog.

Now, heat is but slowly transmitted by some bodies. The outer crust of the earth, composed of various substances arranged very irregularly, allows the central heat to escape but very gradually. Were the crust composed of iron, the escape of heat would be much more rapid. As it is, owing to the nature of the surface of our globe, the substitution of a mass of ice for the glowing interior would not sensibly lower the temperature on the surface. But it is not so with all bodies. The sun, that reservoir of enormous heat (enormous indeed, since we see that it so expands his vast bulk that its density is but a quarter that of the earth,) by some internal constitution, and probably in part through his wonderful atmosphere, transmits his heat rapidly in all directions. Were the earth and the sun constituted alike, the smaller bulk of the earth would cool down long ere the sun had dissipated his heat. The central heat of the earth, however, is as important in its way for the existence of life upon it, as the sun's light and heat; so, by a wonderful arrangement of the surface, its escape is rendered as slow as possible. It is thus probable that the heat of the sun will not outlast the cooling down of our globe. Between these two fires, the solar and the terrestial, man's life is, as it were, balanced. The sun as the source of labor we all regard, but the heat of the earth does not come so prominently into view. It will be our aim to treat of it now.

The sun's influence on the organized world is life-sustaining. In a sense, it may be called destructive to the inanimate world. "The waters wear the stones," and it is the sun that furnishes arms for the contest. Every raindrop that falls wastes the wearied earth, and every wave that beats our coasts carries some trophies back with it to the abyss. Let any one go to some granite coast, and mark the wasted pinnacles and hollowed clefts, and doubt, if he can, who will be the victor. Nor is the power of the sea less shown on some low-lying coast, where, as if in mockery, he presents mankind with some miles of sandy barrenness, even that gift to be reclaimed in his first angry mood. The action of the sea will wash away every spot where life can rest, such power do its sun-born currents possess. But here the use of the central heat is seen. By the successive expansion of different portions of the crust of the earth, successive portions of land are raised above the sea for life to rest upon. How this takes place, it is not easy to see. We do not know much of the rate with which the heat of the earth travels through the various rocks; that, however, heat acting on large masses of rock previously at a low temperature, would expand them sufficiently to produce the high lands of the earth, seems probable. If we imagine a deep sea gradually filled up with the *débris* of surrounding lands, the strata thus produced will be compacted and at a low temperature. The water, being a good abstracter of heat, would have reduced the portion of the crust beneath it to a lower temperature than that of the surrounding parts. There would be, as it were, a *depression* in the heated crust filled in with cold material. By degrees, the heat would spread into this, expanding it, and gradually raising the surface above the sea. At the same time, the surfaces of other masses of land, previously above the water, have been washed away, and in consequence, their heated and expanded foundations lose their heat, and contract—the whole mass thus sinking deeper below the sea.

Such a process probably produces continents and large masses of land. Bays, gulfs, inland seas, and islands will often be due to minor depressions and elevations of a more local nature, though in most cases they are the results of the action of the sea and rain upon such continental masses.

The parts between these two masses of rock—the one expanding and the other contracting—will necessarily be fractured and contorted. Into the chasms and fissures thus formed, the waters of the sea descend, and in their windings battle with the fire. The volcano and the earthquake are but the side-blows of this terrible conflict. Vast caves with walls glowing more brightly than the noonday sun—water white-hot, that it dulls not their dazzling purity, ever and anon flashing into vapor, and driving all before it with irresistible might—But man cannot conceive of the conflict.

We do not know much of the constitution of the sun's surface. It is possible that, as by the fuses of a watch, an equable motion is maintained by a varying power, so, by some arrangement, the heat of the sun is given out equably, and will not vary sensibly in quantity as the amount of heat in the sun diminishes. It is, however, at least probable that the heat given out by the sun is constantly diminishing, though but very gradually, and imperceptibly in the ages that man has inhabited our world. Sirius was known to the ancients as a red star, while to us it is conspicuous for its clear, pure brightness. Other stars, too, have faded from their former splendor. We can, then, well conceive of the sun, as one of the stars, gradually decreasing in splendor through the course of ages. His influence on the earth was formerly greater than now, and in like manner the earth, formerly less cooled down than at present, had an energy of convulsion that now we see not. We have been shown the forces still at work on our earth, and assured that none greater have ever acted there; but the inevitable course of nature teaches us otherwise. Every volcanic outburst dissipates some of the central heat, and we must add to what is now, what must have been spent in former ages, to obtain a correct idea of the forces of former ages. With a fiercer central heat, the actual manifestations of it, arising from its disturbance, must have been greater: continents raised with more sudden upheaval than now, and again devoured more speedily by a more raging sea; fiercer storms of rain deluging the plains, and furrowing with deeper clefts vaster lava-streams than Hecla or Etna now pour forth; a hotter sun and more steamy air nurturing forests compared with which the woods of the Amazon appear but a slow and feeble growth. We cannot but think those in error who assure us that what is always has been, and that the phenomena of nature were never of a fiercer character than now. No; it is for us to admire the Eternal Wisdom guiding the course of His works, supplying to each age the life most suited to it, and at last, when the times were ready, placing man on no new unseasoned world.

Again, in this gradual process of heat collected in two centres, the sun and the earth, gradually dissipating itself through space, and in so doing, maintaining the organizations of life, it is easy to see that the greater violence of its earlier periods, and the languor of its latter ones, render but a certain portion of the duration of this process suitable for the existence of man. That this may be long, the whole duration must be immense. We thus see the meaning of the vast geological ages—they are but, as it were, the root, the stalk, the leaves. This age is the fruit, surpassed in magnitude by the others, but their crown and glory, without which they are nothing, and in which they have a great purpose and meaning.

But while we gaze backwards into bygone ages, we cannot but also turn an eye to that which is to come. Science gives but a dreary prospect: the sun waxing dull—the earth's rich plains no longer renewed by the central upheaving fire—the materials of life continually diminishing—everything sinking to an arctic night. But we have a brighter future revealed. The harvest of existence shall not be left in the fields where it grew, to rot and mildew away under November rains; but ere the bright sun of its summer has departed, it shall be reaped and gathered into the Eternal Storehouses.

☞ "Aunt Mary," said a thoughtful little five-year old, "why don't they celebrate Mrs. Washington's birthday, as well as Mr. Washington's?" "Because George Washington was a great and good man, is the reason why his birthday is celebrated." "Well, wasn't Mrs. Washington a great and good woman?" "Yes; but George Washington was the father of his country." "Well," looking up triumphantly, "wasn't Mrs. Washington the mother of her country?"

☞ A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanding payment of the balance, the other answered: "No; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?"

☞ THE INDIANS.—In view of the extraordinary expenditures required to keep the Indian tribes in subjection, and the cost per head of destroying those who will not maintain friendly relations with the whites, it is recommended, as a matter of economy, the boarding and lodging of the entire race at first class hotels.

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson has said many good things, but seldom anything better than the following: "There is one topic forbid to all well-bred—to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, if you have headache, or colation, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you, by all the angels, hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the household bring pleasant thoughts, by corruptions and groans."

☞ An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

Husbands and Wives.

There are many of our lady readers who will entirely agree with "a woman's opinion of husbands," as expressed in the following:—

As a general rule, we know that men have, by nature, a superiority in strength which enables them to go through labors and dangers, mental as well as bodily, from which females should be exempt; and that by education they are qualified for exercising the several trades or professions by which they are to maintain their families. On the other hand, women are endowed (besides all the graces and amiabilities of the sex) with a great superiority of quickness, tact, and delicate discernment in all the every-day affairs of life. In all these, therefore, the husband ought to be completely guided by his wife. And this shows the wisdom of our ancestors in making the husband "endow with all his worldly goods" the wife he has chosen. The wife is dependent on the husband, and clings to him for support, just as a hop plant climbs on its pole, and a sweet pea on the sticks to support it, and as the vine in Italy was, according to the poets, "married to the elm." But if you could conceive a hop-pole, a pea-stick, or an elm, imagining that these plants were put there on purpose for its adornment, you would tell them this was quite a mistake—that the climbers are cultivated for the flowers or fruit, and that the stakes are placed there merely for their sake, and must not claim any superior dignity or worth over the plants which they support. Now just such is the office of the husband. And this state of things is what people approach to more as they advance to civilization. Among mere savages the wife is made to yield to brute force, and is a mere drudge. In barbarian countries women are shut up; in more civilized life they are left free, and have more control. And in dear America—the glory of all nations—they have a higher place proverbially than anywhere else.

Apropos to the foregoing, who will forget the closing dialogue of the comedy of the Honeymoon:—

Rolando—I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

Volante—So are all women before marriage, and that's the reason their husbands wish them in Heaven so soon afterwards.

A Lusus Naturæ.

Why do ladies like little horrors? That they do so is undeniable, but the reason is not so plain. Here, now, is a lady who values her little horror at 4,000f. It appears that the Baroness de Bouclinval was given a little Mexican dog by her godmother, Queen Christina. There were but two rivals in Paris of this precious quadruped; one died, and the other belongs to the Empress, and, if I mistake not, is called Linda. The Baroness's dog was the size of a man's fist. His mistress carried him about wherever she went, in a basket lined with satin, which hung on her arm. Mme. Bouclinval was walking in the park of Neuilly, her marvellous dog following her, when a workman, accompanied by a bulldog, passed her. He looked at the tiny Mexican immediately, and pointed it out to his bulldog, who understood his master, sprang at the little animal, and strangled it. A *sergent de ville* was looking on, and was so indignant that he insisted on Mme. de Bouclinval following him instantly to a *commissaire de police*, where the man offered her 10f. for her dead treasure. The Baroness tried to induce him to give the magistrate 100f. for the poor, as an expiation for his brutal conduct; and on his refusal commenced a law suit, during the course of which she proved that she had refused 4,000f. at Baden for her pet. M. Truhert pleaded her case, and succeeded in making his audience alternately weep and laugh; and the result has been that the jury sentenced the man to pay a fine of 900f., which the Baroness at once handed over to the poor-box. The little dog was of a race that it is almost impossible to acclimatise in northern latitudes. It was, therefore, a zoological curiosity.

☞ A German writer estimates that an acre of buckwheat yielded fourteen pounds of honey daily. Single hives gathered three pounds on favorable days.

☞ A man in London lost his life at a game of poker. His wife held the poker.

☞ There is a way of doing good in the world, on a small scale, that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of a philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.

☞ A celebrated physician gives the following as the best method of boiling eggs:—Put the eggs into a pan and just cover them with cold water. When the water has boiled one minute, take off the pan and place it beside the fire for two minutes more. By this process the white is coagulated and the yolk is not, thereby an egg has a relish, and becomes very digestible.

☞ It is a great blunder, in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible amount of it.

☞ There are two hundred "professional" cigar end pickers in Paris, whose total receipts are $120 a day.

☞ A gentleman who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetical temperament, replied, "O, he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

☞ Rev. Mrs. Dr. Buddington, of Brooklyn, now travelling with her husband in Palestine, writes home that the sea is so rough near Joppa that it is a matter of no surprise that the whale was unable to stand the double agitation of Jonah and the billows, and viewing the prophet as a conundrum, "had to give him up."

☞ Mr. J. Howard, an English gentleman who visited this country last summer, said, at a late meeting of the London Farmers' Club, that the most beautiful section he saw in America for farming, was in Iowa across the Mississippi, one of the most picturesque countries he ever looked upon.

☞ The floating "motes" in the air of a railway car proved to be little particles of iron that had evidently come from the wheels and rails.

☞ The colored residents of Washington have nominated Mr. Cook, President of the Freedmen's Relief Association, as their candidate for Mayor at the ensuing election. Mr. Cook, who is a colored man, has accepted the nomination.

The World's Dead.

It is asserted by scientific writers that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time, amounts to 36,627,843,273,075,256. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000—the number of square leagues on the globe—leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land; which, being divided as before, give 1,814,622,076 persons to each square mile. If we reduce these miles to square rods, the number will be 1,853,174,600,000; which, divided in like manner, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; and these being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma.

On each square rod of it 1,283 human beings lie buried, each rod being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, with each grave containing 128 persons. The whole surface of our globe, therefore, has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.

☞ A lady got into difficulties with the Parisian police, for an infringement of their regulations. The Judge of the Tribunal inquired her profession, when she replied, "I am a widow;" or, as she more laconically said, *veuve*. The worthy magistrate replied that it was not a bad profession, but he feared it was now overstocked.

☞ Nothing, we are told, is made in vain. Even that angry insect, the wasp, according to a French physician, has a good purpose. He declares it is the enemy of all poisonous flies, that it destroys an immense quantity of minute worms that get into fruit, and that its sting is a sovereign remedy for gout, sciatica and rheumatism.

☞ French scientific men predict that the summer of 1867 will be cold and wet, like that of 1866, and they base the prediction on the fact that immense masses of ice have broken, or are about to break, away from the extreme north, and will drift to warmer seas, where they will melt, producing cold and vapor.

☞ A Connecticut hunter fired both barrels of his gun at a rabbit, and didn't hit him; after which he took his tobacco-box from his pocket and threw it at the animal, killing him instantly—which proves that the present stock of chewing tobacco is more deadly than powder and ball.

☞ A wedding took place the other night in Raleigh, North Carolina, at which the guests receiving the usual cards of invitation were required to pay the entrance fee of five dollars, and after entering the charmed precincts were each assessed five dollars more for refreshments. The money was turned over to the bride and groom, who had taken this method of raising money to start on their journey through life.

☞ A Bridge for St. Louis.—After a great struggle the Illinois House of Representatives has passed the St. Louis Bridge Bill. It gives the Company the exclusive right to build a bridge over the Mississippi, for a long space up and down, opposite St. Louis, with no restrictions as to the time of completion. It is asserted that the charter is under the control of the owner of the St. Louis ferries, who will thus retain the monopoly by permitting no bridge to be built.

☞ A recent negro funeral procession, in Columbus, Georgia, while on its way to the grave with the corpse of a man who had died with the small-pox, became so frightened at the remarks of an individual as to the risk run in following the dead body, that the pall-bearers dropped the body in the street, and fled from it with as much haste as if the ghost of the departed spirit had risen from the coffin. No amount of persuasion could induce the affrighted negroes to turn and reproceed with the burial, and the city authorities were consequently obliged to complete the task.

☞ A man was chopping wood before his door, with his children about him playing. A stranger came along and bid him good-morning. The man replied somewhat gruffly. "Fine children you have, sir." "Yes." "All grown?" "Of course." "This is a nice little girl." "That's Elsie." "That's what?" "That's *Elsie*." The stranger couldn't stand that, and immediately pitched into *pater familias*, while the children ran screaming into the house. The noise brought out the old woman, who succeeded in explaining matters, after the belligerents had become pretty well "tuckered out."

☞ The speaker who took the floor has been arrested for stealing lumber.

☞ The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes, I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea," replied Jerrold.

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Find Fault in Private.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

☞ South American Ladies.—The warm-hearted senoritas of Valparaiso, are, after all, Chili females.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. Sales comprise about 700 bbls at $5@6.75 for superfine; $8@9.50 for extra; $11@12.50 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $11.75@13.50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and $14@16.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $7@7.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is rather more doing in Wheat. About 4000 bus Pennsylvania red sold at $3.75@3; 2000 bus Southern do at $3@3.20; 1000 bus No 1 spring at $2.30; 1000 bus No 2 spring at $2.40; small lots of white at $3.15@3.40, and 150 bus California $3.25@3.30 ₩ bus. Rye sells in small lots at $1.25@1.30 ₩ bus. Corn—about 50,000 bus sold at 95c@$1 ₩ bus for new yellow. Oats—28,000 bus sold in lots at 55@55c ₩ bus. 800 bus Barley Malt sold at $1.40.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Sales are making at $21.50@21.75 per bbl for new Mess Pork; 15@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 13@13½c ₩ lb for Pickled do; 9@9½c for Salt Shoulders, and 13@13½c ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Dressed Hogs are selling at $8.50 ₩ 100 lbs. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for western, and $22@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $33@34 ₩ bbl. Butter—Small sales are making at 18@33c for roll; 30@32c for dairy, and 14@25 ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 2@22c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 28@42c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Market dull. About 900 bales of middlings sold in lots at 32½@33c for Uplands, and 33½@34c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—The last sale of 1st No. 1 Quercitron was at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 38@38½c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull; we quote white ash at $5@5.25, and red ash at $5.25@5.50 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at 53@57c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of southern at 9@9½c, and 10@11½c for western. Dried Peaches—Sales at 17½@18c for halves; 15½@16½c for quarters, and 3@3½c for pared.

HAY—Sales best quality Timothy Hay at $1.85@1.90 ₩ 100 lbs; mixed and inferior at $1.75@1.80. Straw at $1.30@1.35 ₩ 100 lbs.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@60c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—Soft is quoted at $4.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed; 80 bus sold at 8½@9 the latter rate for prime. Timothy; 200 bus sold at $2.75@4. Flaxseed; 700 bus sold at $2.25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2.70@2.75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 10½@11c for city rendered, and 10½@10½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues inactive; about 10,000 lbs sold at from 62@63c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@57c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 44@45c for coarse; 45@55c for tub-washed; 40@42c for extra Western pulled, and 34@37c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 6½@17 cts ₩ lb. 275 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3800 head were disposed of at from 6½@7 cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $9,00@10.50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. Sanders Reed, PHILIP JUSTUS to ANNIE E., daughter of John A. Mouseman.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. HARMAN LAVAN, of Jarrettown, Mont. co., to Miss MAGGIE L. CLAYTON, of Huntington Valley, Montgomery county.

On the 30th of Jan., by the Rev. Heber Newton, WILLIAM M. DUVALL, of Baltimore, to SALLIE H. HOLLINGSHEAD, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. J. A. Bomberger, D. D., Mr. PETER S. GRUBART to Miss MARY C. MCWILLIAMS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. H. Lung, Mr. WILLIAM O. HALL to Miss ANNIE E. FARRA, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Miller, Mr SAMUEL H. CONKLIN to Miss MARY J. ULRICH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, Miss JANE LANG, in her 70th year.

On the 10th instant, JOSEPH DIVER, in his 76th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. THADDEUS WENTWORTH, in his 76th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY F. GAMBRILL, in her 77th year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH SANFORD, in her 63d year.

On the 9th instant, MARY A., wife of James Barrows, in her 41st year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. GRACE B. SMITH, in her 64th year.

On the 8th instant, FRANKLIN J. REEVES, in his 27th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM RAYNER, in his 71st year.

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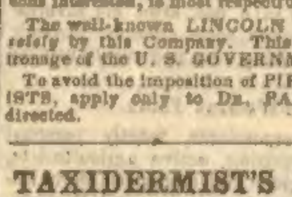

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Have been familiarly known to the American Public for upwards of three-quarters of a century. They speak their own praise wherever planted.

DEALERS IN SEEDS,

Whether Country Merchants, Booksellers, Druggists or regular Seedsmen, not already customers of the subscribers, are invited to become such.

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE LIST,

Published for the *Trade only*, will be mailed to all Dealers who apply.

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To whom Pure and Reliable Seeds are of the first importance, will be supplied on favorable terms.

PRIVATE FAMILIES,

Resident in localities remote from parties who vend our Seeds, will be supplied (by Mail, post-paid, or Express,) with Seeds of quality seldom equalled.

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Containing numerous Hints on Horticulture, will be mailed to all applicants who enclose a two-cent stamp, with their address.

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Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

On Sundays—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	10.05	A.M. & 11.30 P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 5.10 P.M.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	9.20 A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.35	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 3.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-9m No. 127 Dock Street.

TAKE NOTICE.—WANTED AGENTS in every County for Dr. Jas. Mooro's complete

HISTORY OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR,

Splendidly Illustrated and bound in elegant style. Its low price (only $2.50) places it within the reach of all. It is complete, reliable and impartial, and is just the Book that is now wanted. Our Agents make from $100 to $200 per month. For descriptive Circulars, with Catalogue, address

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WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM LOCK STITCH WING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	69
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	84
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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513 CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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$30,000.

FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.

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jan12-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

How to Tell a Lawyer.

A few days since a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, in a certain part of South Carolina, inquired of a poor negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"My name is ——, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess it from my appearance; don't you see that I am a timber-cutter?"

"No, boss, you no timber-cutter."

"An overseer, then?"

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; they don't ride in sulky."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorter spects you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, siree, you don't that."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now, you see, boss, I'se bin ridin' wid you for more'n a mile, an' you haint cussed any, and a lawyer always cusses."

A Saucy Wife.

A worthy wife of one of the worthy bishops of the Episcopal church was accompanying the Episcopal lord on one of the tours in the Northwest. The Bishop is prospecting for a place to "plant the seed of the church," spreading a Sabbath in a village where the Episcopal service had never been recited before. To aid the Bishop in "the service," and to impress the wondering villagers with the beauties thereof, the wife, seated in the midst of the congregation, responded in a clear, strong voice, just when and where a devout churchwoman and Bishop's wife should, to the amazement of many, and the indignation of at least one of the village matrons, who said to her neighbors, as they left the church door: "Did ever any one see such a saucy woman as that preacher's wife? She sat there in church and sauced her husband all the time he was readin.'"

Anecdote of Colfax.

When Schuyler Colfax was going up from Troy to Burlington to lecture a few weeks since, a gentleman entered the car and took a seat beside him. Disposed to be sociable, the stranger said,—

"Going to the lecture?"

Mr. Colfax said he would probably be there.

"So am I. Did you ever hear Colfax?"

"Oh, yes, very often," was Mr. C.'s reply.

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Is he a good speaker? Does he know anything?"

"Well, really, I don't know as my opinion is worth much on that. My name is Colfax."

Strange man subsided.

IN NO IMMEDIATE WANT.—The New York Evening Gazette is responsible for the following story: "A lordly Briton, fresh from Albion's isle, condescending to ride in such a conveyance as a Broadway omnibus, was nonplussed at not finding a conductor to whom he could pay his fare. The astonishment was increased by a respectable looking lady deliberately handing him ten cents. Mr. Bull looked at the money, then at her, and handing it back, said, with a polite bow, 'I'm exceedingly obliged to you, madam, for your kind intentions, but, really, I'm in no immediate want of charity.'"

OF COURSE NOT.—Some days ago a merchant of this city made a bargain with a country lady for two chickens. Yesterday the lady brought them to his store, and he being busy, she placed them on the end of the counter. Our young friend didn't think that the proper place for them, but didn't like to say so plainly, so he remarked, as the chickens were trying to jump about, "They won't lay there, will they?" meaning that they would likely jump off the counter. His astonishment may be imagined when the lady replied, "Of course they won't; they're roosters!" Next time he will probably speak correctly, and not say *lay* when he should say *lie*.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.—The Smithfield Times tells a story illustrative of the old saw that "the course of true love never did run smooth." A young couple in Smithfield had laid a plan to outwit the vigilance of cruel parents and elope. The sequel was thus: the youth stood beneath the window—the lady attempted to climb out—when, oh, horror, some one detained her from the rear! "Why dost thou not come, gentle Amelia?" She answered, in an agitated voice, "I can't, Bill, mam's got hold on my tilters!"

READY BOILED.—A newly imported son of the "Emerald Isle" hearing the cackling of a hen which had just left her nest, ran to get the egg. He had never before seen a freshly laid egg, and when he found that it was warm, he said to his wife, in great surprise,—

"Sure, Biddy, my darling, this is a great country! Everything that howly St. Patrick himself could desire is made ready for us, without the divil a bit of cooking' it; the very hins lay their aigs ready biled for aiting!"

PAYING INTEREST.—A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer with a request to take charge of it for him. A year after, the laborer went to another friend to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to *pay him the interest for it!*"

"PRAY, madam, what you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Michael O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, walking into an umbrella shop.

"Let me see it," was the reply.

"Ah, faith, that's just what I want to do, for I've lost one, and I see you offer to recover them at a small charge; so I was just thinking I would get you to recover mine."

☞ "None but the brave deserve the fair." No, and none but the brave can live with some of them.

NOTHING LIKE A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

PAPA.—"What! Your gold-fish come to grief, Archie?"

ARCHIE (sadly).—"Yes, pa. All right last night, but I found this morning two of 'em had gone to the everlasting sleep of *Hades!*"

SONG.

BY AMELIA EDWARDS.

'Twas in the sunny Rhineland,
As the golden day was ending,
The ripe grapes in the vine-land
Were in purple clusters bending;
The ruined tower upon the height
Was glowing in the crimson light
The western sun was lending,
I saw her then—I see her yet—
It was the first time that we met
In the sunny Rhineland!

I saw her standing all alone,
The chapel bells were ringing,
And mingled with the organ's tone,
I heard her gently singing.
The river ran beside her feet,
And oh! her voice so clear and sweet
Seemed like the lark's upspringing!
I saw her thus at close of day;
I gazed—and gazed my heart away
In the sunny Rhineland!

Upon her image in the stream,
All broken 'midst the rushes,
She gazes in a happy dream,
And smiles and sighs and blushes;
She takes the arrow from her hair;
And down her shoulders ivory fair
The golden shower gushes!
I watched her as I stood apart—
That silver arrow pierced my heart,
In the sunny Rhineland!

The Practice of Medicine.

There are times, unquestionably, when pills are good things; but generally pillows are better. We are of opinion that the former have often got not a little credit which fairly belonged to the latter. When a man is ill, the doctor tells him to go to bed and be contented; probably he gives him a little taste of physic; but quiet, a recumbent posture and temporary abstinence are, in very many cases, the successful remedial agents, after all. Giving pills is the way the doctor has of turning the key upon his patient, keeping him at home, establishing healthful bodily functions, and opening his mind to good advice.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PRACTICAL PUNCTUALITY.

"*Procrastination is the thief of time.*"

Worse than that, infinitely. Old Procrast is a downright manslaughterer—murderer, making awful havoc among mortals, as well as pilfering from the Old Reaper. And every one of us, whatever our calling or avocation, who makes a practice of putting off to the future what may just as well be accomplished in the present, is an inactive abettors of the villainous old sneak-thief, alike guilty of larceny, highway robbery, manslaughter and suicide.

In no avocation is neglect of duties, putting off that which were better done to day, procrastination—want of punctuality—more mischievous and productive of unpleasant results, than with farmers. Next to rum-drinking, an habitual indecision and want of punctuality will ruin a farmer fastest to ruin, and his possessions into strange hands.

There is Farmer V—— for instance. He had two hundred bushels of corn last summer, shelled, and all ready to carry to market. A city merchant offered $1.25 cash for the lot, to be delivered on a specified day. V—— had the teams, and time to haul it in; only he didn't feel very well, and there were two or three little chores to be done about home, and a political meeting to be attended to; and on the whole, he guessed two or three days wouldn't make any difference. But it did. A very serious one. Hauling in his corn three days after the day appointed, V—— found that the grain merchant had filled the order he had for corn, and didn't want the two hundred bushels. So V—— lost a day with all his teams and drivers, hunting up a purchaser, and then found that the best offer he could get was *ninety-five cents*. So there was a dead loss of time and corn amounting to about $80, and a total wreck of character with one of the most extensive and liberal grain dealers in the city, as compensation for want of punctuality.

Farmer L—— keeps, or tries to keep, four hired farm hands. But he don't keep *one* long, and of late no one any time, that is worth keeping. He cannot do it, on account of his habitual want of punctuality in paying when he agrees to. It is not for want of means. He has them in abundance yet—buying stocks and loaning money on bond and mortgage. But paying his hired help slips his memory so often, that managing, after much dunning to get a settlement at last, they slip off, leaving Farmer L—— to supply their places the best way he can.

Mr. H—— had a field of famous clover hay last summer nicely cured, and in first-rate condition for hauling in, and teams idle, and help enough to have housed every pound of hay. But Mrs. H——'s cousins from the city came out, and brought five city friends with them visiting. So Mrs. H—— gave the day to her cousins and their city friends, and Mr. H—— assisted her, and the clover lay neglected in the field; and before morning a rain-storm that lasted three days, set in, and after it cleared off the clover might just as well continue lying in the field. Certainly it was not worth hauling out of it. So much for putting off till to-morrow what ought and might just as well be done to day.

Our friend Easy Slow said every day for two months consecutively: "I declare, I *must* go and fix up that bridge down the lane." And he did it one day in a pet, after his favorite $250 chestnut carriage horse slumped through the old fabric, breaking a leg and utterly ruining himself.

SOUTH-WESTERN FRUIT.

A dozen correspondents, mostly personal friends, all enterprising, active agriculturists, write us from regions embracing southern Illinois, and from northern to central Missouri, inquiring substantially:—"What varieties of apples and grapes would you advise us to purchase and plant?"

We are neither applelst or grapelst of sufficient practical experience to be able to go very far or circumstantially into the long list of either grapes or apples, and their adaptation to particular localities; but with the latter we can confidently name for summer fruit, the following sorts:—Sweet Bough, Red June, Carolina, Early Harvest, and Red Astrachan. For fall fruit, the Fall Pippin, Farrenwalder, Cider, Buckingham R. I. Greening, and Rambo. To the half dozen who ask for the address of a reliable nurseryman in this direction, we name Edward Tatnall, of the *Wawaset Nurseries*, Brandywine Village, Wilmington, Delaware. Doubtless there are a good many other reliable, responsible nurserymen this way, but we don't happen to know them, or anything about their stock.

Of the grapes, we can speak confidently of the Concord, Delaware, and Roger's hybrid No. 4; beyond them we prefer not to advise; but refer our friends to our next best friend, J. B. Garber, Esq., of Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa., who having experimented practically and fairly for many years with every known variety of grape, is better qualified, and, having nothing grapey to sell, will be more likely to give truthful information than any other man we have any knowledge of.

We are not quite certain that our veteran grapest-friend will in the least thank us for turning over our gratuitous labor to him, but knowing him to be a public benefactor, friend of humanity, and active champion of progress, we venture to call on him in the present exigency.

AN EASTERN DAIRY.

From the *Boston Cultivator* we gather the following results of last year's dairy enterprise by Mr. T. L. Allis, of Conway. The milking stock consisted of twelve "ordinary," by which we presume is meant, native cows.

"1,530 pounds of butter, sold for $765; 800 pounds of cheese, $160; raised six calves from the cows, valued at $30; used milk and cream to the value of $25, and sold pork to the value of $250, fed on the milk and buttermilk of the cows, above the cost of the pigs and grain fed to fatten them, making $1,420 from the twelve cows. There was also used 275 pounds of butter made from the above cows. The butter was sold in Boston for fifty cents per pound, and the cheese at twenty cents."

We should like to see another dairyman anywhere, working an equal number of "natives," at corresponding prices for produce, show such a balance sheet at the end of the year.

STRAWBERRY CHERRY.

(*Physalis Alkekengi.*)

Something new and nice, and as the season is at hand when people are beginning to look about and lay in their stock of seeds for next spring's planting, we advise them to lay in at least one package of this good and beautiful little vegetable "What-is-it"—half way all round between a cherry, strawberry, and tomato, like all, and differing from either.

It is sown and cultivated like the tomato; is of very dwarf habit, bears, with good culture, profusely, a bright crimson fruit the size of a medium cherry, makes capital pies, the prettiest possible pickles, a marmalade unequalled by any other fruit, and a most delicious preserve, having a decided strawberry flavor. Properly canned, it retains its fresh, fruity flavor better than any other fruit we know of. It is likely that any one of our large seed establishments can supply the seeds.

GATHERED GRAINS.

January 8th, 1867. Coldest day remembered in New England. About Boston the mercury got down to 22 degrees below zero. Spitsbergenish, that.

—— The Canadians have added four pounds to their standard weight of a barrel of flour. Henceforth 200 pounds make a barrel of Canadian flour. Probably dealers will put on 40 cents extra as a Canadian counter balance.

—— Last year our Pennsylvania army of school children numbered 725,312. Cost of maintaining public schools, $4,195,253. What state follows the Keystone next nearest?

—— At the present time New York has housed up for higher prices, over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 3,000,000 do. of corn, and 2,500,000 bushels of oats. There'll be a high fall among some of them soon. Speculators stand from under.

—— Trichinae have got into people seriously up in New Hampshire. So the doctors say.

—— San Francisco has a hospital for *lepers*, Philadelphia, one for *leapers*. John Givin leaped from a car and broke his leg—old lady leaped out of a second story window, bruising herself badly. Another chap leaped down from a load of hay, nearly breaking his neck. Pennsylvania Hospital took them all in.

—— Cape Codders are making cranberry fortunes fast. Preparing to turn their whole *sandy hook* into cranberry culture. Well, it's a profitable investment.

—— Western pork trade much depressed—sales stationary. Hog men holding hogs for higher figures—packers declining to bid above five cents net. Pork will be plenty, and cheap enough by-and-by.

—— Game is plenty and cheap out West this winter. Prairie chickens selling for five cents a piece. Sam. Dunn, in Iowa, has *done* for two dozen deer this season up to latest reports.

—— More than 40,000 hogs have been packed in Indianapolis, Indiana, this season, going about 10,000 better over the entire pack of last year.

—— Taking the entire population of Spain, there is one grown up person in every five who cannot read or write—in Pennsylvania, one in two hundred and seventeen. Poor Spain—Prosperous Pennsylvania.

RECEIPTS.

MARBLE SAVORY JELLY.—A pretty supper dish. Take half a pig's head, if fresh so much the better, with the ears and two or three feet; boil these in as little water as possible until you can slip out the bones, take it out and remove the bones, and boil them in the liquor until it is reduced. Cut the meat when cold into squares, season it to taste, put the liquor to it, and when boiling pour all into a mould. The stronger the liquor the better.

SALSIFY, (VEGETABLE OYSTER.)—Have the roots well scraped and laid for a few minutes in cold water. Boil till tender, then drain off the water; cut them in inch lengths, add half a cupful of milk, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt; boil up and serve.

THE FAMOUS BERWICK SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes; add three cups of sugar and beat five minutes; two cups of flour with two teaspoons of cream of tartar, and beat two minutes; one cup of water, with a teaspoon of soda, and beat one minute; add a little salt, the grated peel and half the juice of a lemon and two more cups of flour, beating all together another minute. Observe the time exactly, and bake in rather deep pans.

A NICE AND CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—Six cupeful of good dried apples soaked over night; in the morning chop them; slightly simmer two hours in two cupeful of molasses. When cold, add half a pound of raisins chopped, two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, one and a half spoonsful of soda, one cupful of sweet milk, flour to make a thick batter; add nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon, allspice.

COLORING FOR CHEESE.—An ounce of real Spanish arnotta will color 50 lbs. of cheese. Tie up the arnotta in a thin linen rag, and put it over night into half a pint of warm water. In the morning put the arnotta-water into a tub of milk along with the infusion of rennet, indispensable in making cheese. For a deeper tint dip the bag into the milk, and squeeze it as long as any color runs out.

COCHINEAL COLORING.—Take an ounce of cochineal and pound it to a fine powder. Put it into an earthen or porcelain vessel that is quite clean and entirely free from grease. Add a small salt-spoonful of potash or soda, and pour in a pint of clear soft water. Set it over the fire, and when it has come to a boil add a quarter of an ounce of powdered alum, and let it boil ten minutes. Then, while it is boiling hot, stir in three ounces of powdered loaf sugar. Bottle it when cold, and keep it closely corked. You can then have it always at hand as a fine red coloring for icings, blanc mange, creams, jellies, and other sweetmeats.

FOR BURNS.—"A Regular Practitioner" says that for bad burns and scalds the following remedy is almost magical in its efficacy:—Mix common kitchen whitening with sweet oil, or, if sweet oil is not at hand, with water. Plaster the whole of the burn and some inches beyond it all round with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste, and lay it on an eighth, or rather more, of an inch in thickness. It acts like a charm; the most agonising pain is in a few minutes stilled. Take care to keep the mixture moist by the application, from time to time, of fresh oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part affected in gutta percha or flannel to keep the moisture from evaporating.

[As a remedy for burns, we do not think anything can be better than common yellow soap, scraped thin and mixed with a little water to the consistence of a salve, spread on muslin and applied to the burn, keeping it moist when it dries. We have seen a little boy's hand, badly scalded with boiling molasses candy, cured rapidly in this way.—*Ed. Post.*]

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 16, 20, 21, 14, is one of the United States.
My 2, 6, 17, 12, is a man's name.
My 3, 7, 22, is a piece of swampy land.
My 4, 5, 24, 10, 10, is a metal.
My 8, 11, 13, 22, is a title of honor.
My 9, 17, 18, 14, is a covering for the foot.
My 15, 24, 23, is to draw or delineate.
My 19, 18, 15, 17, is a man's name.
My whole is the name and address of a reader of the Post. M. J. B. BROOKS.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Greek letter.
An organ.
Part of a chain.
A girl's name.
A small bird.
A chain of mountains.
A girl's name.
Imaginary beings.
My initials and finals form the names of two States. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

My first is in sleep,
But never in weep.
My second is in play,
But never in day.
My third is in say,
But never in neigh.
My fourth is in ring,
But never in fling.
My fifth is in tea,
But never in flee.
My sixth is in joy.
And also in lay.
My whole is the name of a place celebrated for its brave men. E. J. H.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John Jones had a circular meadow, and agreed that John Smith should have the privilege of grazing his three horses at $2 per acre, as follows: He was to drive three stakes in the ground, at such distances asunder that when the horses were attached severally to them by ropes, they might graze over the greatest possible quantity of ground in the circle without encroaching on each other's premises. After the grazing was over, it was found that just one acre of grass remained untouched at the centre of the meadow. Required—the distance asunder of the three stations—the length of the ropes—the quantity of land in the meadow—and the amount paid by Smith.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons in a dark room draw each a straight line at random across a circular slate. Required—the probability that the lines will form a triangle having its corners in the circumference of the slate.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ If a woman were to change her sex, what sort of a being would she become? Ans.—She would be a he then (heathen.)

☞ Why is love like a canal boat? Ans.—Because it is an internal transport.

☞ Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman? Ans.—Because it is an inn-spector.

☞ When are the passengers of a train detested? Ans.—When they are all abhorred.

☞ What word would you pronounce to prove that a liquid is a solid? Ans.—Inkstands.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Emerson Bennett. CHARADE—Snow-drop. (Snow-drop.) RIDDLE—Absalom.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Sept. 15th—Base, 115.0714 rods; area, 14.3839 acres. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, Dec. 1st—Numbers are 1.$^{2}_{3}$0$^{4}_{6}$4$^{5}_{7}$8 and 1$^{5}_{7}$2$^{3}_{4}$3$^{9}_{0}$0$^{8}_{6}$4$^{2}_{3}$5. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, Dec. 1st—*Two panels;* there are 24 panels on each side, and one on each end. Now, if I move one side of the fence one panel *out*, and add one more to each end, I have increased the size of the lot to the requisite dimensions. William H. Morrow.

The Successful.

"Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain, through many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves, or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine as his; but they lacked the steadiness of purpose, and patient, thoughtful labor, which multiplied the 'ten talents' into 'ten other talents beside them.' It is the old lesson, voiceful from every life that has a moral in it—from Bernard Palissy, selling his clothes and tearing up his floor to add fuel to the furnace, and wearying his wife and amazing his neighbors with dreams of his white enamel, through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank, and vowing lawardly that he would regain his patrimonial property, and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, panting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lapstone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath dawned. It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success."